Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

JULY 1993 $10.95

BLACK LABEL EDITION

Deadly Obsession

Men who stalk women

Jimmy Barnes

Back on the boil

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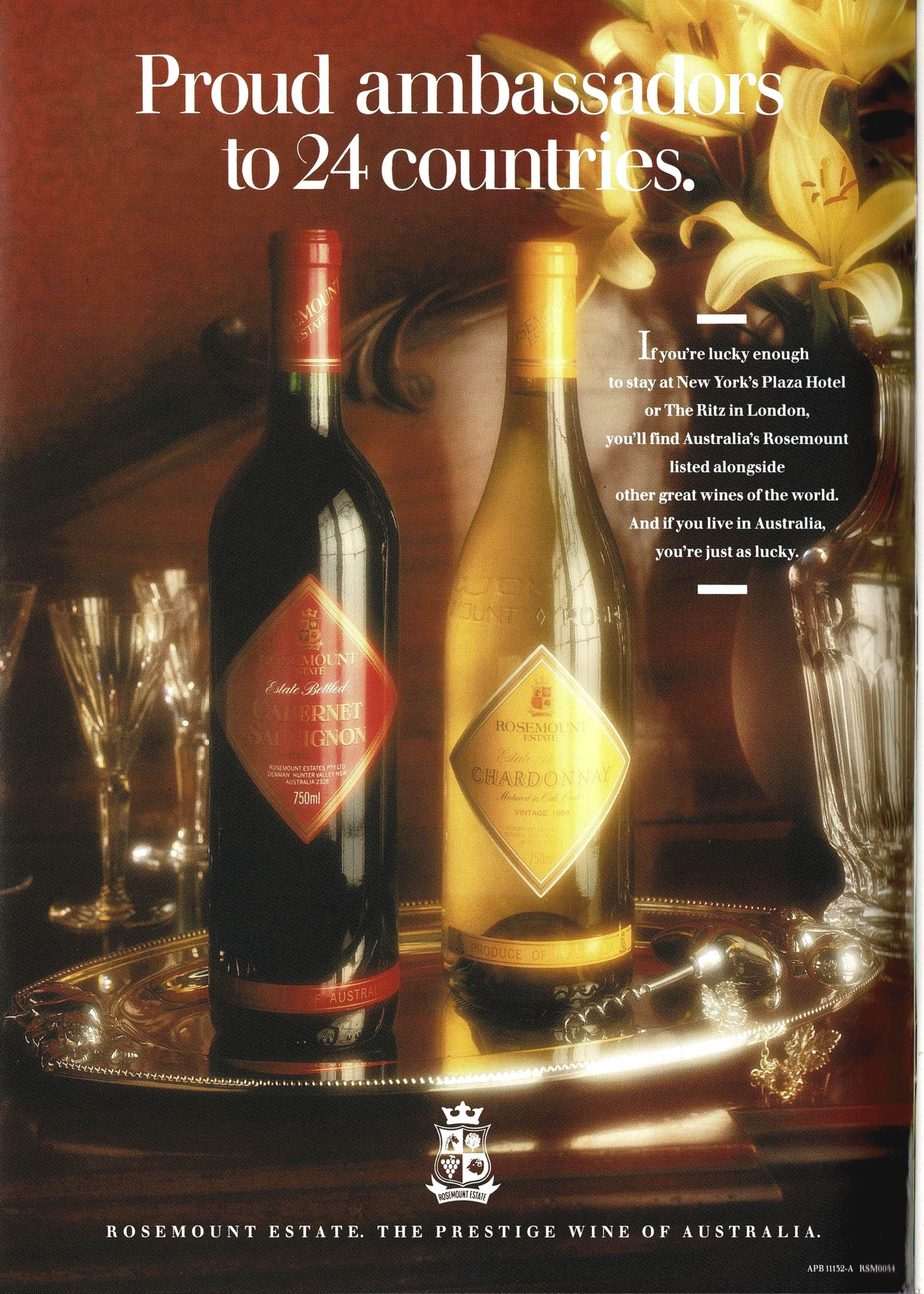
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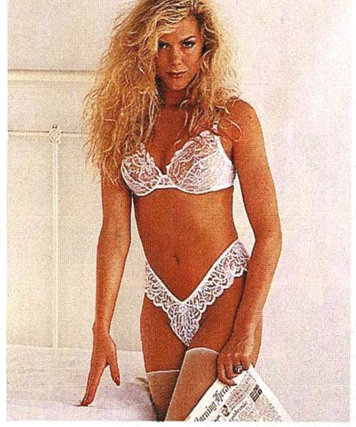
The International Men's Magazine/Vol 14 No. 7/July 1993 Black Label Edition



Cover by: Anthony Russell

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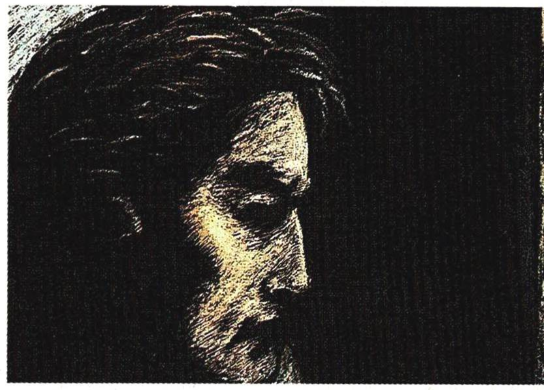
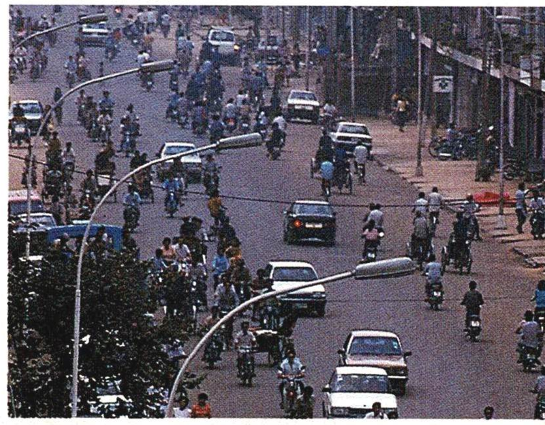


Deadly obsession



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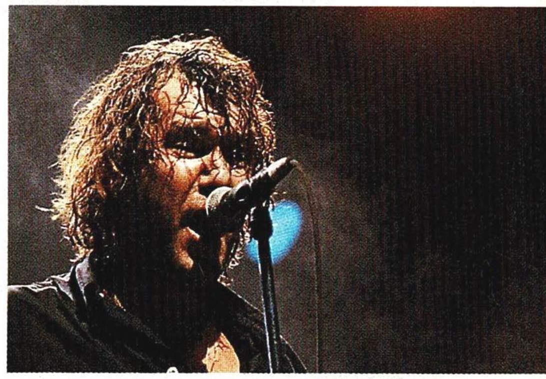
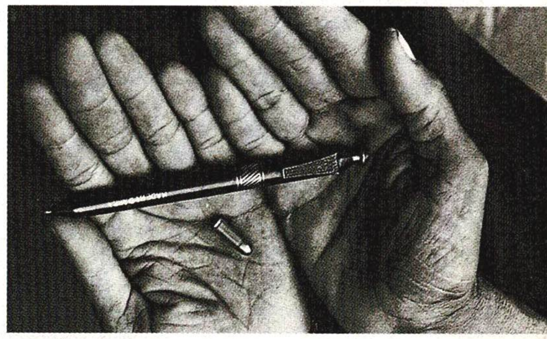


Sweating it out



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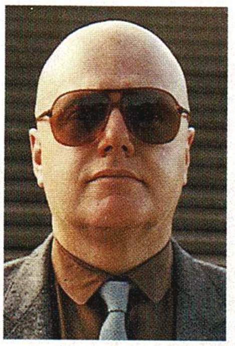
housecall

DEADLY OBSESSION

Sydney journalist **Anne Johnson** has travelled the world during a ten-year career that has seen her reporting and producing in London, Switzerland, Adelaide, Melbourne, Canada and New Zealand. She has worked for Australian Channels Ten, Seven and Nine, England's WTN and European Business Channel. She has worked on *Street Stories, Hinch* and *A Current Affair Summer Edition*. In her *Penthouse* debut, Johnson reports on a breed of jilted ex-lover which stalks, harasses and murders Australian women. On page 34 we see how a man can ruin a woman's life and not be punished under law. **Roger Griffin** provided the illustration.

ANNE JOHNSON


CHRIS PRITCHARD

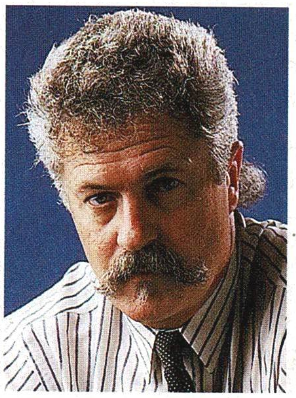
CLUB CAMBODIA

As a student newspaper editor at the University of Cape Town during the 1960s, freelance journalist **Chris Pritchard** was thrown off campus for his anti-apartheid editorial stands. These days the Sydney based reporter is a writer for the outrageous American tabloid newspaper, *The National Enquirer*, an Asian stringer for the BBC *World Service* and a correspondent for the *US News and Foreign Report*. On page 66 Pritchard takes a look at a few days in the lives of some United Nations Peacekeeping Forces in one of the world's hotspots: Cambodia. His is a tale of booze, brawls and broads in what is becoming a Club Cambodia on the Mekong riviera.

SEX, LIES AND STATISTICS

In February *Penthouse* we published a story on the untenable link that the censorship lobby attempts to draw between pornography and serial killers. That story, The Porn Myth, created huge interest among our readers. In this issue, criminologist and writer **Paul Wilson** provides the second part of the pornography story when he investigates the alleged link between porn and rape — a link that has no support in the major studies of the past 30 years. Wilson has the credentials for such a story, being Dean of Arts at the Queensland University of Technology, a criminologist and the author of 23 books about crime, justice and forensic science. See Wilson's story on page 48.

PAUL WILSON


DAVID TAYLOR

THEY SHOOT EAGLES, DON'T THEY?

Western Australia is more than twice the size of Texas and is one of the most isolated and sparsely populated areas on earth. It is also the only place on the planet where eagles can be shot legally. In this issue, Perth journalist **David Taylor** looks into the debate that rages in the west over the majestic wedge-tailed eagle — are the birds of prey a menace to farmers or an important aid in controlling vermin? Taylor was made the syndications manager on the *West Australian* newspaper after a long career on the Perth *Daily News*. He describes as a "tragedy" the laws that licence people to shoot WA's most famous and successful sporting symbol. See the story on page 22 with photographs by **Rod Taylor.**

KANTOR'S CELEBRITY SKINS

For the last four years Sydney artist **Frants Kantor** has been painting his own irreverent interpretations of the people that make Australia so interesting. First with his Kantor's Gallery page, and more recently with his nude caricatures in Celebrity Skins, Kantor has managed to give everyone from Kerry Packer and Ita Buttrose to John Singleton and Nicole Kidman his special treatment. The strange thing is, his subjects seem to like the way he depicts them. Once a year Kantor auctions the originals for Sydney's Camperdown Children's Hospital charity, and it's usually the subjects themselves who do the bidding. On page 33 see how Kantor's X-ray glasses work with Effie.

A dialogue between readers and editors concerning the content of Australian Penthouse. Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. Send to Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

feedback

One man's battle

The article titled "Paternity Wars" by Mark Abernethy was spot on. Admittedly, there are cases where the paternity laws are appropriate. But in the main it is honest, hardworking men who are punished because of the actions of a few.

Take my case as an example. In July of 1988, I went out to play golf. My wife kissed me, hugged me and said she loved me. I was happy. Life was very good. My wife seemed to be happy as well.

When I came home, she was gone, along with furniture, effects, car and our daughter of four years. There was no note. I was devastated.

After some time I located them 2000kms away. I quit my high-paying job to go and find them. I wanted my wife and my daughter back. I met my wife in a small town in WA. She said she just wanted her space for a while. I agreed and moved to Perth, giving her what she wanted in the hope of getting her back. By this stage, with the cost of moving and expenses, money was becoming short.

In 1989 my wife applied for sole custody or "day to day care." Naively, I agreed. My wife, who by then had become my ex-wife, made it very difficult for me to see my daughter. I gave her all I had to try to encourage her to return to our marriage. She took all I had and still kept me from my daughter.

At Christmas I had to ask the Police to help me have access — legal access — to my girl. But my little child was so upset, I left her with her mum. I couldn't win, my ex even suggested that I may interfere with my girl. I could have hit her for that, although I didn't.

The last time I had access to my girl was in October 1990. I pay maintenance each week through child support, but no Government agency will assist me in access to my girl.

I did not ruin my marriage — it was her choice to leave. I could not help that. I was not at fault in any way, but I have to pay and suffer because the law supports a woman.

I sold my house, she basically got everything. She now has a brand new home, secure income and my child. I can not do anything about it. The Government would not even give me Legal Aid to fight for access, because I was working. I was laid off two weeks ago. I am 43, broke, alone, unemployed, and unable to see my child. Does life get any better? — *Name and address withheld*

Tori — an incredible woman

One man battle

Your story about the Family Court in the April edition identified some problems quite well. But did those interviewed really have no ideas to remedy the situation, or was this more a reflection on the journalistic and editorial skills involved?

My policies for reform of the Family Court include the establishment of a system of mediation, preference given to joint custody, pre-nuptial contracts and the sharing of maintenance costs. In situations where the custodial parent denies access to the children, then the non-custodial parent should automatically be given the option of custody.

Furthermore, we should set ourselves a national objective for this issue which should be to make all divorce community-based by the year 2010. Achievement of this objective would maximise the amount of microeconomic reform in this highly inefficient part of our economy and minimise the stress/costs for people involved.

Your pessimistic story is unwarranted as my one-man, two-year-long Australia-wide campaign, which resulted in the establishment of the Parliamentary inquiry into the Family Court, will, I believe, lead to the introduction in the Court of a system of mediation that will give fathers their best chance of obtaining orders for joint custody and much more. — *Ian Monk, Epping, NSW*

Well wishes

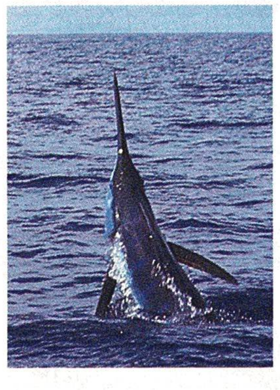
Your February 1993 Pet Of The Month, Melissa, was really great. I know Melissa personally, she is a great girl and was a great workmate, as well as a close friend of mine. Melissa, if you're reading this, congratulations on your latest achievement as a *Penthouse* Pet. I wish you every success and happiness in your future projects. Thank you *Penthouse* for a beautiful Pet Of The Month. — *Sharon Drowley, Nunawading, Vic*

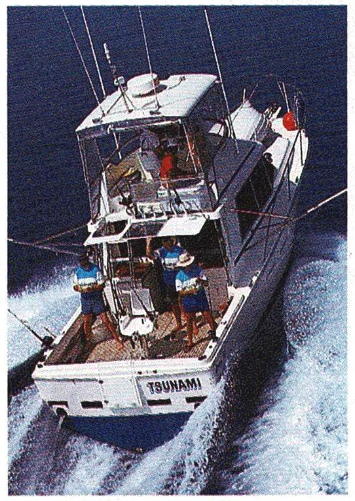
Tori party

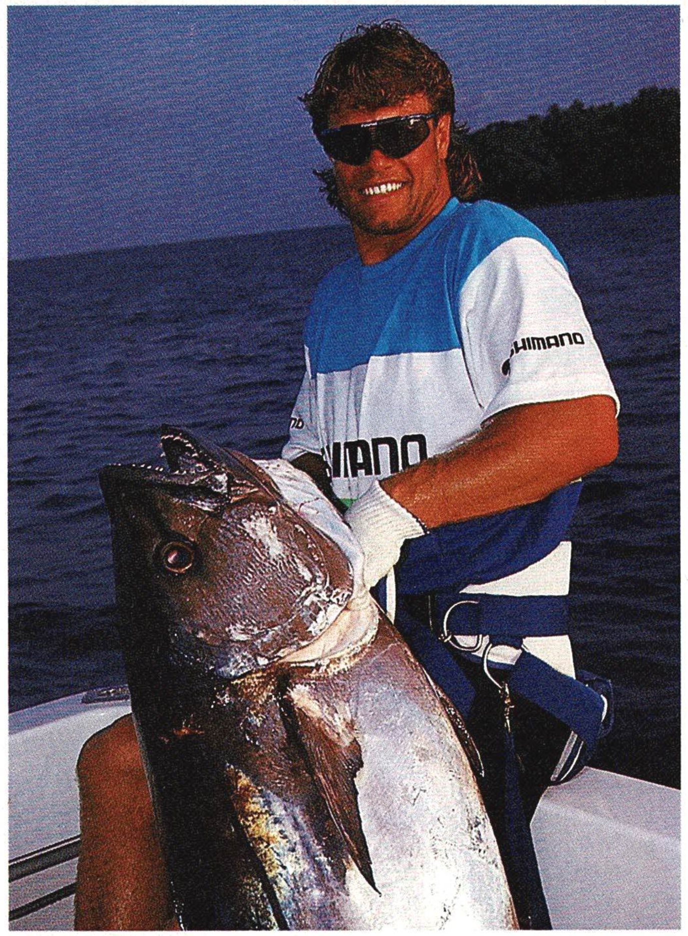
Congratulations on a fantastic quality men's magazine. Since subscribing to the *Penthouse* Black Label edition last year, I have been most impressed. If you ever have a Pet Of The Century contest, then I would be sure to nominate March *Penthouse* centrefold Tori. Wow! Incredible! Your issues have been great lately, but March's Tori is absolutely the best-ever pictorial. I can not wait for Pet Of The Year. My pick's definitely Tori. — *DK, Melbourne, Vic*

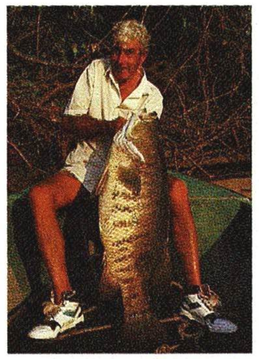
Angry shooter

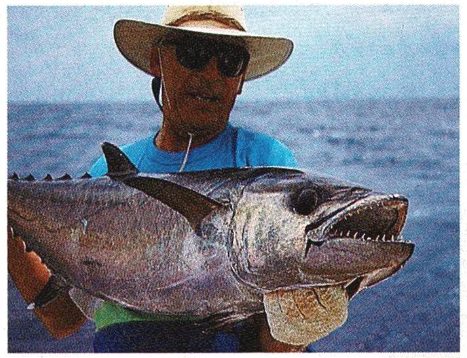
Having just read S.J. Meinz's comments on practical shooting, I would just like to put a few things straight. Firstly, to legally own a pistol in Australia, you must be of good character and have no criminal record. Secondly, our sport is internationally recognised and controlled to strict safety regulations (if you stuff up, you're out until you get it right). Finally, among our number there are policemen, lawyers, doctors and nurses — hardly your closet Rambo's. There are many people who are alive today because of the actions of members of our fraternity. No-one in Australia has been killed by a practical shooter accidentally or deliberately — something we are proud of and we aim to keep it that way. We are sportsmen and women and we are not hurting anybody. So keep off the grass mate. — *A practical shooter, Rockhampton, Qld*

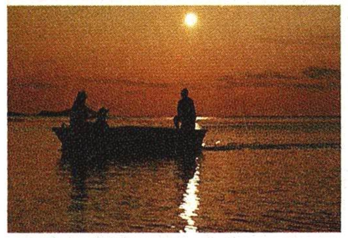


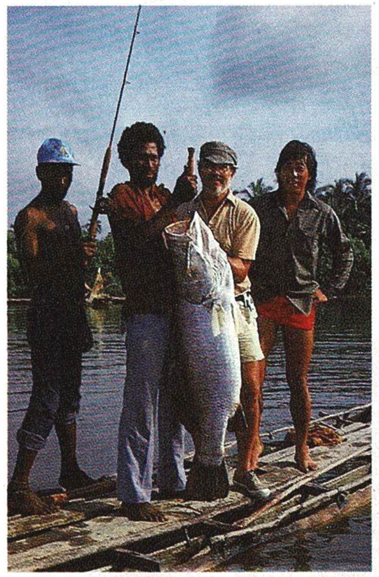


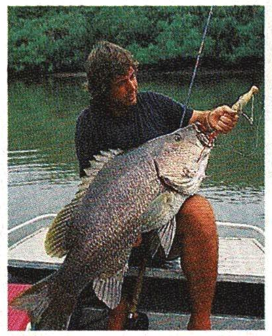

League Star Andrew "ET" Ettingshausen with a P.N.G. dogtooth tuna.

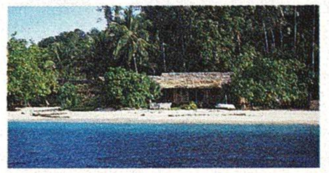


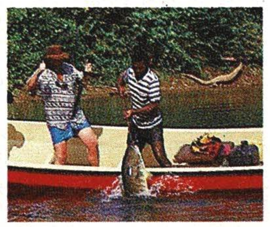












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forum

Ride of a lifetime

I am a 25-year-old Australian male. I am a limousine chauffeur and although I have had a lot of exciting experiences in my job, this one outshines them all. It was a normal Monday night and I had a job driving seven very lovely girls around town for a birthday party. I had to drive to another city which was 45 minutes away to pick up five of the girls and then motor back to my home base to pick up the other two. The night started off just like any other. I drove them around to all the night spots so they could do the town.

About three hours later I said it was time to drive them all back. I planned to drop off the two girls who lived in town first, but when I got to their house one of them wanted to go with the other five just for the ride. She asked me how much I would charge to bring her back.

I replied that as I had to come back anyway, I wouldn't charge her anything — besides I would be glad of the company. Much to my surprise, she responded by pulling me close, pressing her large breasts against me and whispering, "That sounds great. I will make it worth your while."

At the time I didn't really understand what she meant. We had no sooner dropped off all the girls when my lone passenger, whose name was Sue, lunged for my cock as I was driving.

I had barely managed to pull the limo over to the side of the road and clamber into the back of the vehicle before Sue had hitched up her dress and put my hands on her arse cheeks. My hard cock was pressing through my pants, so Sue started rubbing against me with her crotch. The combination of my hands on her firm arse and the rotation of her hips almost made me explode in my pants. Thinking of trying to prolong this pleasure, I pulled myself away. But this just turned Sue on more.

She started kissing me, tonguing my ear and licking me like she was possessed. My cock was pulsating, but when Sue said, "I am getting wet and I need you to fuck me right now", my cock started to spasm. I couldn't believe this was happening.

Sue started taking my clothes off. As I unzipped her dress, her top fell down revealing her beautiful mountainous breasts. I went crazy and started sucking on them as soon as they popped out. Sue melted and grabbed my hand placing it on her cunt, which was so wet I thought she'd wet herself.

She prised my pants down and straddled me, shoving my cock into her cunt. She was yelling, "Fuck me. Fuck me now. I am so wet."

I turned her over and fucked her doggy style, hard and fast. She was screaming in ecstasy and I loved it. Sue rode my cock hard and fast as she fingered her clit. As my cock was slipping in and out of her cunt, I grabbed her tits — sucking, licking and biting them until she was screaming in ecstasy. I still couldn't believe this was happening. I thought to myself, all those stories I've read about in *Penthouse* must be true. But the best bit is still to come.

I didn't hear the car pull up behind the limo because Sue and I were lost in passion. But when someone knocked on the window, I saw my job going down the gurgler. Timidly, I opened the window expecting to see a cop, but instead was greeted by the smiling face of Terri, the girl who had originally hired the limo. As it turned out, the girls had planned a threesome with the limo driver all along and Sue asked me if Terri could join the party.

My biggest fantasy was about to come true and I was in raptures.

As Terri climbed into the back, I continued fucking Sue. I had her in doggy style position and was ramming my meat home. Terri said that she liked to watch, so she sat in the opposite seat and made herself a drink. Five minutes later Sue invited Terri to join us. I picked Terri up and dropped her on top of Sue. I stuck my cock back into Sue as I ripped off Terri's clothes.

While I was fucking Sue, I went down on Terri. Sue had a great body — her tits were bigger than Terri's and she had a heart-shaped arse. She was a blonde-haired, blue-eyed bombshell. For ten minutes we had our threesome then Terri said, "I want you to fuck Sue now so I can watch." Sue smiled and lay back with her legs spread. "You don't need to tell me twice," I said and jumped off Terri and right into Sue's cunt.

Sue was in an orgasmic frenzy. As I thrust my cock into her, Terri kept repeating, "You guys look so hot." The more she said it, the more out of control she became. Caught up in the sex frenzy, Terri started to rub her cunt up against my butt, rotating her clit up and down until I could feel her juices running down my butt and onto my cock, which was pounding into Sue's hot pussy.

Terri jumped onto my back, forcing me to lay on top of Sue and making me the meat in the sandwich. She then started rubbing her cunt up and down my back. I screamed to the girls that I was going to come and they both seemed to look forward to the experience.

I pulled out of Sue. Terri lay next to her and they started kissing each other. Within seconds I had unloaded on both their faces. They kept kissing and licked each other's face until they had eaten every drop of come in sight.

I settled back in the limo to recover and made myself a martini. As I sipped my drink I watched as Terri knelt on the back seat and started to eat Sue out.

forum

They licked each other out all the way home, switching back and forth until they were both in orgasmic ecstasy.

Eventually we all had to say goodbye. But limo driving has never been the same since. — *Name and address withheld*

Topless treat
I recently experienced one of the best sexual encounters of my life. It all started when Jessica, Rich, and I went to a topless-dancer club. By the fifth dancer, I had become aroused beyond previous experience. I could feel the sexual tension building among the three of us. By the time the last dancer came on, I could take it no longer. My pussy had begun to throb and with each thrust of the beautiful dancer's body it became a little wetter. I looked over at Rich. I wanted him — but I wanted Jessica as well. Christ, I wanted anybody and everybody. That was when — to my surprise — Rich suggested that we go back to his place for drinks.

As we were walking out of the bar, Jessica's beautiful breasts brushed against my shoulder. I felt the electricity arc though my body. I knew what was in store for me, which made my cunt wetter and wetter by the second.

As soon as we arrived at Rich's apartment, he grabbed me by the crotch and pulled me toward him — making me explode automatically. He unzipped my tight shorts and slid his fingers into my throbbing, wet hole. I felt my shorts fall to the floor and looked down to see Jessica get on her knees and begin to lick my thighs. I felt my sweet nectar drip down my legs. My love box was dying to be licked. Quickly, we moved to the couch, where I lay down.

Jessica licked my erect nipples as I thrust two fingers into her juicy cunt. Rich was now sucking my clit. As he slid his tongue around, Jessica moved so I could eat her perfect pussy. I could feel her clit swell between my tingling teeth.

Unable to take this any longer, I asked Rich to fuck me. Rich stuck his joystick into my pussy and I went crazy. As we writhed with pleasure, I looked over and saw Jessica fingering herself vigorously. I motioned for her to come back to the couch. As she approached, I hopped on top of Rich so that she could position herself on his face.

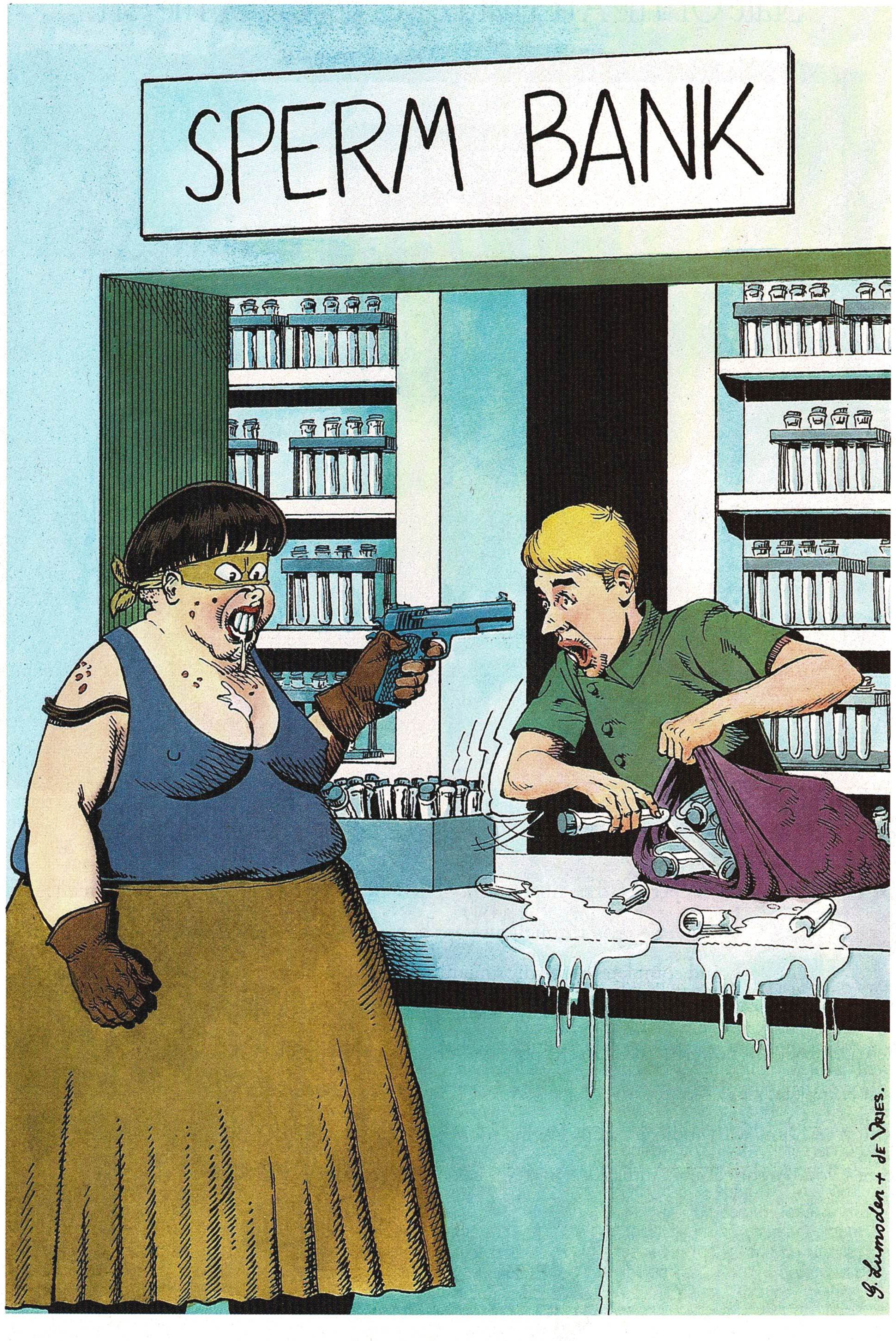
Finally, Rich showered my insides with his hot jism. Then he moved on to Jessica. I watched her lively titties bounce freely as Rich pounded into her for about ten minutes. Afterwards we lay spent on the floor. That was the first threesome I participated in, but I can assure you it won't be the last. — *Name and address withheld*

Geisha girls
Lola and I had been in Tokyo for a couple of days when she left the hotel to run some errands. When she came back in the late evening, her friend, Joy, accompanied her. The nervous giggling when I was introduced made things seem a little tense, so Lola came up to me and gave me a kiss and a hug. Before we let go, Joy joined us in the hug.

We just stood there hugging and kissing. Soon the three of us were trading tongues and grinding bodies. As we broke the embrace, Joy and Lola undressed and went to the bed. It was such a sight to see these two Asian beauties kissing, sucking, and humping each other. I stood there in shock, then slowly undressed and pulled up a chair next to the bed to watch.

Joy took charge, laying Lola on her back and kissing and sucking her neck and shoulders, working her way down to her lovely tits. I just sat there and watched — Lola's eyes were closed and she was loving every moment of this attention. As Joy moved her way down her friend's stomach, Lola played with her own tits, squeezing them, keeping her nipples hard. Joy reached Lola's dripping pussy and she looked over at me — sitting there with my stiff dick in hand — and motioned for me to join their

Continued on page 118



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FRONT

Party pains

Why the Modern Man should never throw a party

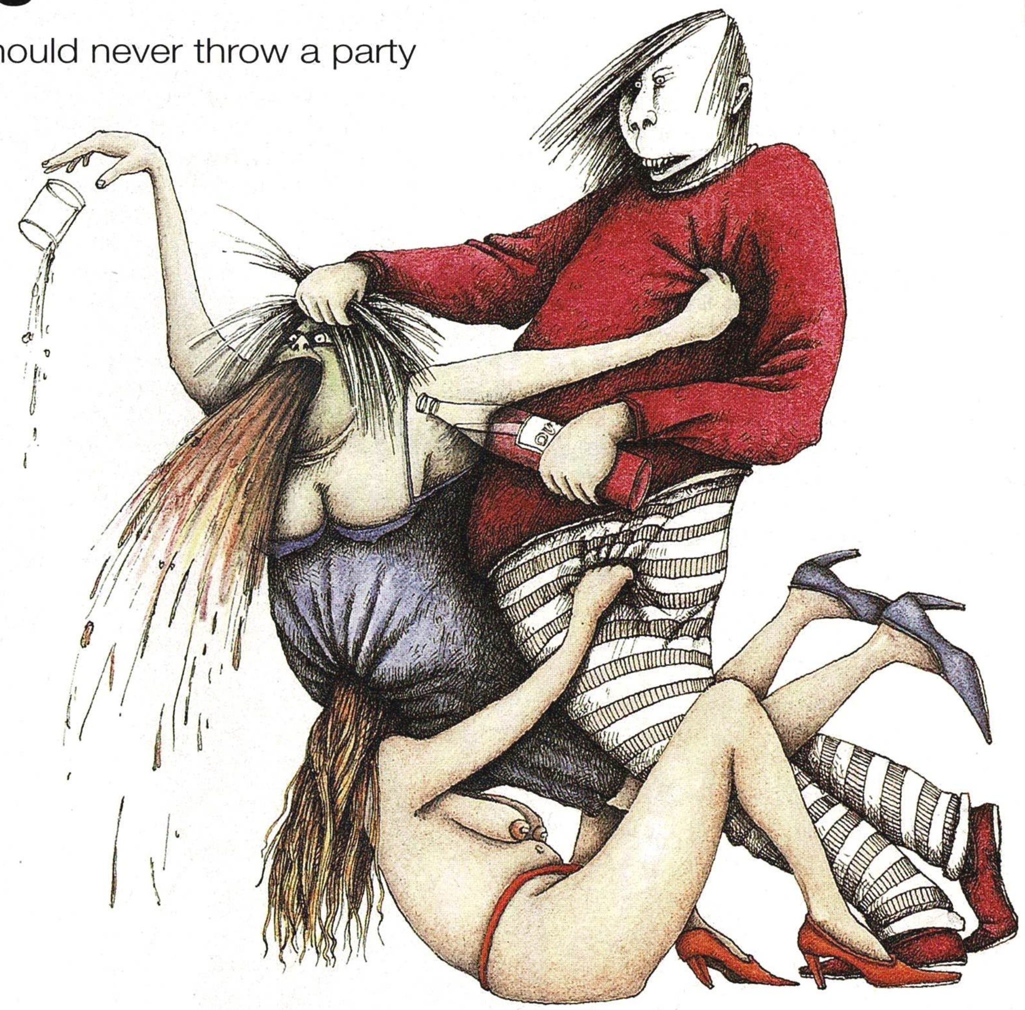


Illustration by Drahos Zak

The best parties are always at someone else's house. Anyone who doesn't believe this has never hosted a party. For the bloke who once made the mistake of inviting drunken vandals into his home, the merest mention of the phrase "Party? At your house?" would be enough to put him into a two-year catatonic coma where he spends all day mumbling, "Please don't put your drinks on the balcony railing." The Modern Man is really too dignified to throw parties, and here's just five reasons why.

1. Females get strange: Before the first person even gets to the door, Female Flatmate will be screaming. She accuses her male flatmates of wanting a "mother-figure", but as soon as the word "party" is mentioned she turns into the screaming mother from hell complete with teary tantrums and kitchen talk like, "Sometimes I don't even know why I bother." This is the same woman who won't clean toilets or cook meals. But as soon as her house is about to be displayed, every maternal domestic compulsion comes landing on FF like a genetic whiplash. What, for a man, is the simple act of opening a packet of potato chips and throwing them in a bowl or throwing a couple of slabs in the fridge, becomes an angst attack of Chicken Little proportions in the head of Female Flatmate. As the males of the house settle into watching the footy, hordes of strange women turn up and try to vacuum around the TV. Ashtrays that have never been near water in their lives are snatched away to be washed, "sexist" posters are cunningly hidden in the garbage and the spare roll of lav paper is mysteriously cloaked in one of those pink, frilly nylon socks that women like to dress them in.

"The Modern Man is too dignified to throw parties. . ."

2. You'll have guests: A very good reason not to open one's home to a party is the inevitable inconvenience of having guests. As soon as they enter the Modern Man's home they turn into clumsy beasts who rip toilet flush handles off the cistern and destroy carefully stacked beer fridges by insisting on grabbing the bottom stubbie. They jam the door bell button, disable the CD player, render useless the only corkscrew and sit on the one coffee table in the entire suburb that would collapse under the weight of a sparrow. They spill red wine on the carpet, try to mix cocktails in the blender without securing the lid and constantly ask things like, "Could I borrow a dry pair of pants." Guests, to the Modern Man, are like genital herpes; they're very interesting as long as someone else has them.

3. You become the policeman: Today's man becomes

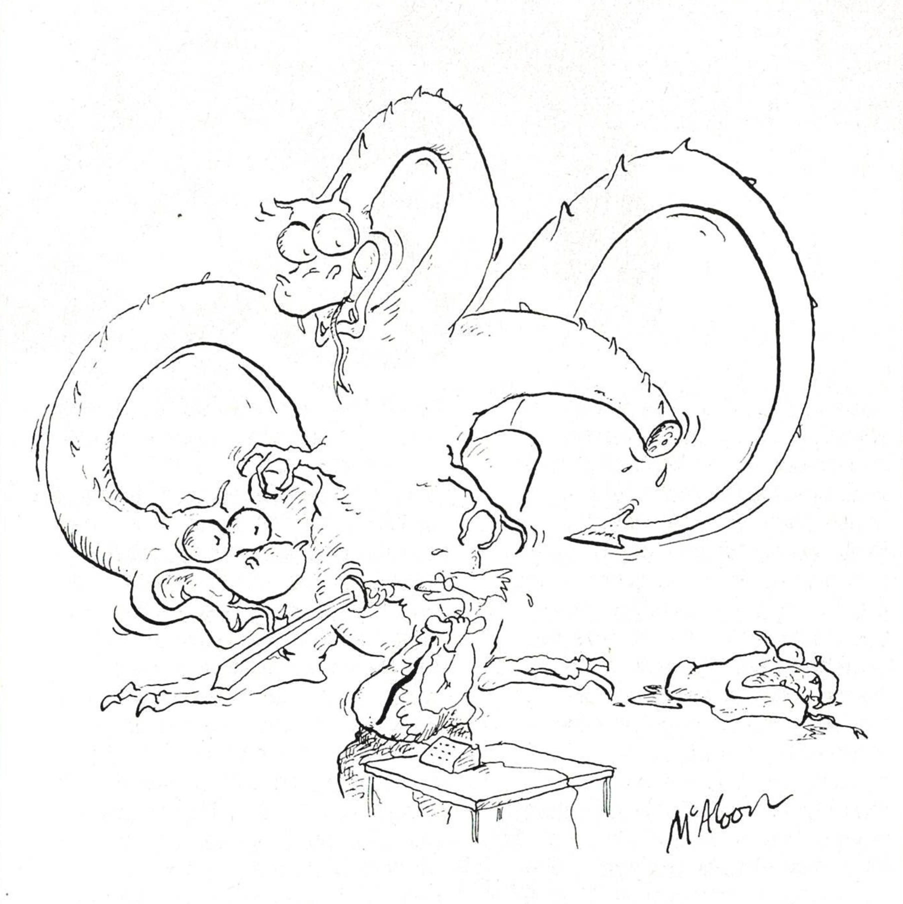
Party pains

the sole law enforcer once the Female Flatmate is lost to the gin and the Ratbag Flatmate has adjourned to his bedroom with the blonde girl in the white cowgirl boots and the tube dress. As the party wears on, the innocent klutz guests turn into active arseholes. This is known as the Politician Syndrome. Before the Modern Man can say, "the floor is not an ashtray", there is vomit on his shoes, fists in his face and a weeping, drunk woman on his shoulder who wants to know if he really, really, truthfully, really, honestly, truthfully likes her. The former friends who have turned into current drunks are the worst guests. They stagger through the kitchen raiding food like a biblical plague, shoving the best silver into the glowing element and on their sixth try, finally manage to get the bottom off the milk bottle by which time there are piles of glass on the lino and four bath towels covered in blood. The Modern Man then has to police that odd breed who take acid or ecstasy and then demand to be found fascinating — and he'll still have to kick that coked-up couple out of his bed before he can get any sleep.

4. Marriage counselling: Anyone over the age of 22 years is probably already rolling their eyes. Why is it, that couples save their most extreme and savage fights for public gatherings where no-one has the slightest interest in whether She is pissed off because He didn't care that She was flirting with his best mate's workmate last Saturday? Indeed. Whatever the reason for this, the Modern Man will have to deal with the women of the party going crazy after the sobbing female locks herself in the toilet for an hour, or the neighbours complaining because the infant couple have gone to the backyard to scream at each other. Suggesting the couple leave and sort out their problems at home is an idea that always falls on deaf ears. Whatever happens with the warring couple, they will make up and then won't talk to anybody.

5. Terrible music: In every social gathering there is at least one Music Nazi who demands to play a song that no-one else wants to hear. The worst breed of music Nazi is the one who stops an existing song just as the mob is about to sing to the chorus, and puts on something no-one knows or likes. For instance, in its own milieu, something as dull as Joy Division or Michelle Shocked is harmless music. At a party, this music is inexcusable. Try playing music like this when a whole bunch of drunks are going mad to "Rock 'n' Roll Ain't Noise Pollution", and it's the contemporary bloke's duty to evict the perpetrator before someone gets hurt. Likewise, the Modern Man has to warn the bloke holding the Bob Dylan CD, that interrupting a gaggle of mad females singing to "You're The One That I Want", is likely to earn him three months at Royal North Shore Hospital having his "bags" changed three times a day and getting fed through a grease gun.

When the worst mistake of your life comes to an end at about 4am, there's just one small chore to be executed before you get to bed. There's a huge bloke at the door trying to find his girlfriend. Yeah, you know the one; the cute blonde in the tube dress and white cowgirl boots. — *Mark Abernethy*



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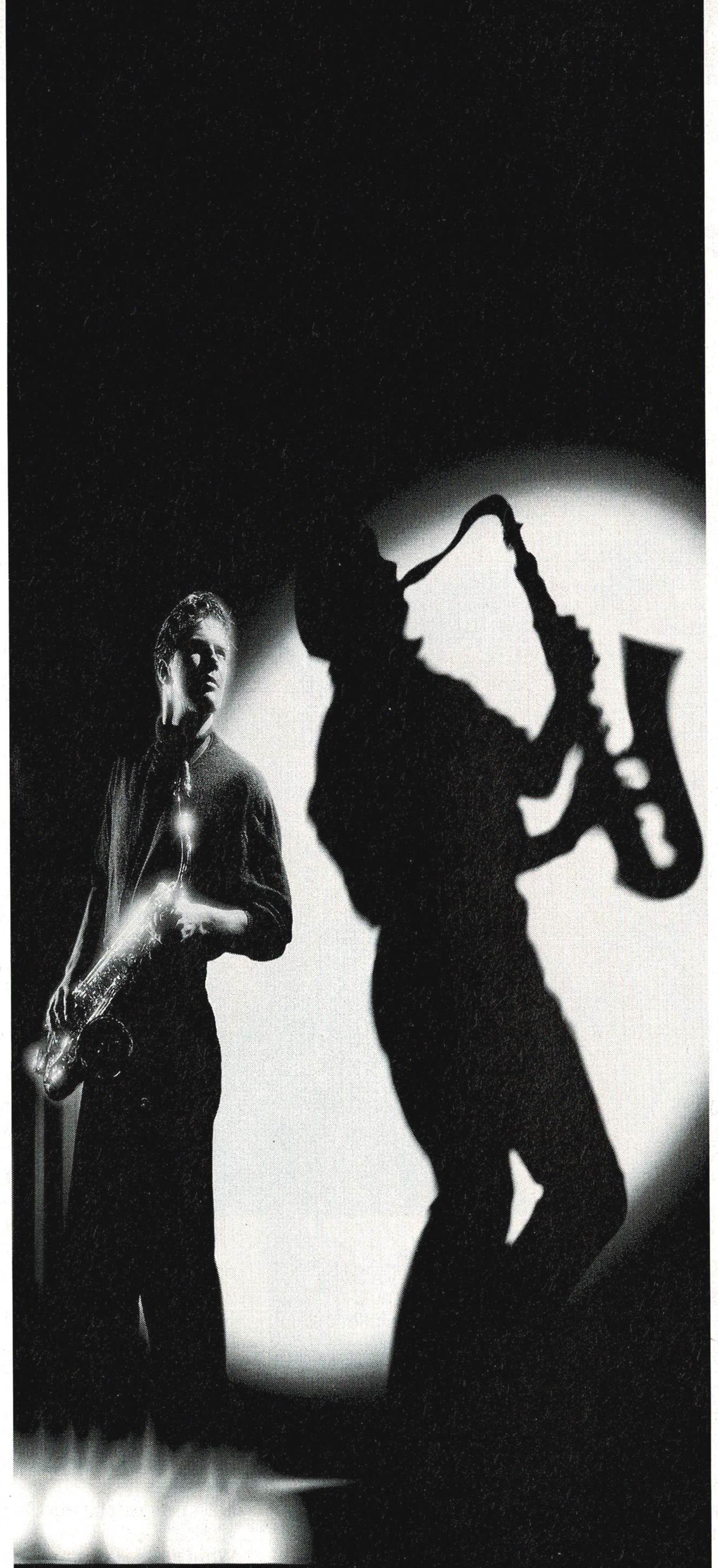

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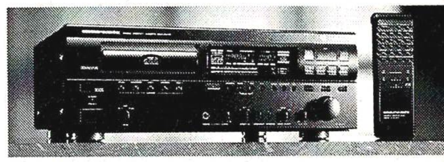

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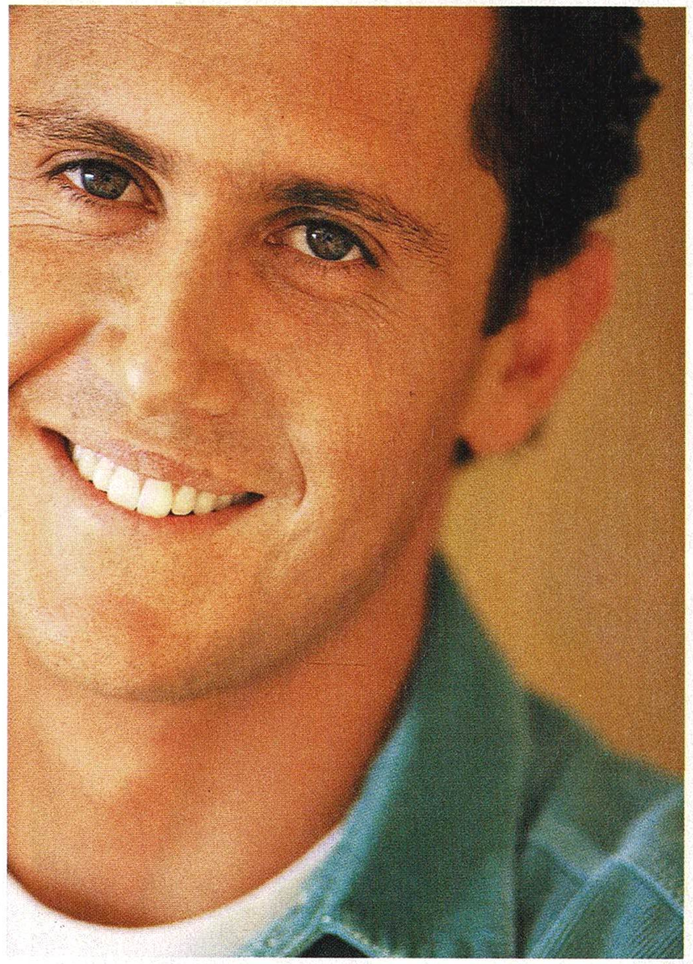
Larry Emdur

Television show host and Sydney radio announcer



Where were you born and how does it effect who you are today?
Melbourne; lots of fluoride in the water so I got big, white game show host teeth.

What do you use for transport?
Twenty-year-old Leyland troop carrier.

What really pisses you off?
People asking me what really pisses me off.

What's your favourite saying?
Pull your head in.

What was the last book you read?
Stark, Ben Elton (he's seriously twisted).

Who do you admire in your own field?
I'll admire anyone with a job for a bright young host.

What musical recording would you give to your worst enemy?
Dad taught me how to play the spoons. I think I'll do an album.

If they made you Emperor tomorrow, what would you change?
I'd have Kerry Packer starting at 4am on 2UW's breakfast shift and I'd look after his gig for a while.

What's your favourite drink?
Wild Turkey Bourbon and Coke.

What makes you proud?
Seeing Dad on his TV ads, and seeing Mum play with my nieces.

Who would you least like to sit next to on a long plane journey?
David Koresh.

Are there any vices you want to adopt?
I reckon staying awake after 10pm would be a lot of fun.

What do you sing in the shower?
At 4am there's no singing, just grunting ... (That's the tired and emotional type of grunting).

Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions?
Have a family and own a Harley, not necessarily in that order.

Who would you most like to spend an evening with?
Socially, the man who invented Wild Turkey Bourbon; romantically, the daughter of the man who invented Wild Turkey Bourbon.

What movie character would you most like to be?
McCauley Culkin. Imagine earning $20,000,000 before puberty.

What is decadence?
Whatever it is, it's good.

What is your worst vice?
An old Black and Decker multi-grip bench vice. I left it outside and it rusted up.

What makes you want to throw a stubbie at the TV?
Seeing myself.

How do you relax?
I throw stubbies at the TV.

What makes you embarrassed?
When people realise you're about one metre shorter than you are on TV.

When do you lie to people?
When people come up to me in the street and say, "Hey aren't you that guy on TV?" and I say, "Don't be silly, he's much taller."

What's the sexiest thing in a woman?
The ability to cook cold beetroot soup and a Polish accent.

What sport would you play as a professional if you had the chance?
Pass the Pig.

Do you regret anything?
Accidentally scoring the winning goal for the opposition in the under 14's waterpolo grand final.

Have you any phobias?
Playing waterpolo.

How would you describe yourself?
Effervescent, sort of like a bottle of Eno with very skinny legs.

What are you really slack about?
Eating: I dial out eight nights a week.

What gets you down?
Seeing our beautiful beaches polluted.

Where do you want to be ten years from now?
Sitting in a huge leather chair as Boss of the internationally successful "EMDURTAINMENT" film and television empire.

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Hell on high water

Shooting rapids in a kayak takes guts

In every sport there's an opponent. Someone that's determined to not let you achieve your goal, and just as determined to achieve their own. That's the nature of the sporting conflict.

So what do you do if your opponent weighs over a billion tonnes, runs up to 30km/h and would have no remorse about killing you to achieve its goal?

"You be bloody careful, that's what you do," laughs Brian Cork, a 20-year-old kayaker, as he prepares to do battle with the Nymboida river in NSW.

Cork knows only too well the dangers of taking on Nature as an opponent. A nonchalant laugh punctuates his explanation of the consequences of being caught in a metre-tall stopper.

"A stopper is a backwards wave formed after the water goes over a rock. If you get caught in one, you go end over end like a windmill. You'd have to bail out and take your chances." A visiting English kayaker offers up a "if you jump at the bottom of a falling lift" type theory which involves breathing from out of your upturned kayak until help arrives. The seasoned Australian kayakers nod, mainly out of courtesy.

Attired in helmets, life jackets and something akin to a neoprene tu-tu (actually the cover to the kayak), the kayakers set out from Platypus Flat behind Coffs Harbour and wind their way some nine kilometres down the river to the pick-up point. During the course they'll run rapids varying in difficulty, from grade one — the easiest — to grade six — white boiling water that gushes over the huge granite rocks, log jams and collected debris. Grade six rapids are the most difficult with drowning the cost of a mistake.

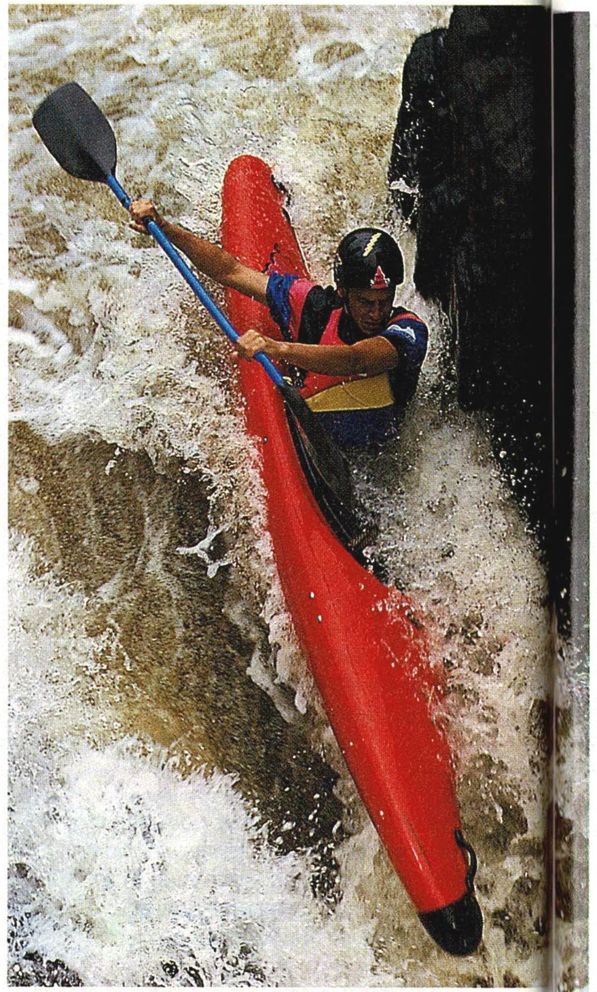
Interspersed between these moments of high adrenalin are still, quiet pools enclosed by cathedral-like gorges and garnished with 100-year-old cedar trees. Moving between the intense fear and divine reverence is where most people say the appeal of white-water kayaking lies. Cork says: "Sure the rapids are a buzz, but they're only a part of the fun. Getting to know the river, and being on the river, is the best part."

And Brian knows the river well. A trainee river-guide with The White Water Rafting Professionals, Cork acts as safety number for a group of rafters that plummet, bounce, giggle, fart and shriek their way down the Nymboida.

The deep, thunderous roar of a waterfall stifles the rafters' laughter as their smiles fade and nervous scowls take their place. Brian Cork is the only exception. He whoops it up and paddles past the raft with his distinctive perma-grin. He's heading for a set of rapids aptly named Lucifer's Leap.

Like a surfer studies a break, kayakers study a rapid's hydrodynamics and line before thrusting themselves into its jaws. In the case of Lucifer's Leap it's imperative. "Each time you take a rapid, it's different. If the water level rises even a few centimetres, the whole rapid takes on a new character," says Cork.

"Grade six rapids are the most difficult with drowning the cost of a mistake . . ."



And the character of Lucifer's Leap looks decidedly brutal. Larry Dixon, a director of The White Water Rafting Professionals, explained the consequences of failing to negotiate the Leap correctly in a kayak. He pointed to a three-metre waterfall of foaming white water. "Right under that drop is a rock. If he lands on this side of it, he's fine. But if he lands on the other side, he would be stuck under the waterfall and he'd have to bail out. When he does, the water will push him down into a cave below the fall which goes down about ten metres. He'll be circulated around the cave and in a few minutes he'll come up over there, then go down again." Larry pointed at boiling eddy to the right of the rock.

"Most likely, we couldn't help him," he concluded. As if on cue, Brian's kayak leaped through the air and then disappeared into the voilent water below the waterfall. An instant later the nose of the red kayak surged out of the water like a surfacing submarine and Brian paddled down the Upper Nymboida beaming the characteristic grin of a man whose veins are surging with high-octane adrenalin.

Cork's never been fearful for his life and has never really been in trouble. But sitting around the barbecue at the end of the day there's no shortage of stories about people who have.

Stories of people taking on grade-six rapids with little more than inner-tubes and bravado. Stories of alcohol teamed with ignorance and ego all hurtling down an unforgiving river. Stories of inexperienced kayakers driven by conceit and confidence to a premature death. "If you're not good enough to be paddling big water, then you shouldn't be paddling in it. It's usually only the irresponsible people who get into trouble," Cork chips in. And then come the stories of police searches and bodies floating belly up when the river has finally decided to surrender them. The mood turns sombre and the topic changes.

White water kayaking is, statistically, a safe sport. It's relatively cheap, environmentally sound, good for fitness and a helluva lot of fun.

Its appeal sits somewhere between fear and awe and most kayakers seem unable to adequately explain it, usually dismissing the question with, "It's everything" and a sweeping gesture towards the river. And that really is the appeal: the river. In the context of such grandeur the sporting conflict takes on ethereal proportions. However, gliding through the majesty of the gorges it's easy to forget that the river could also take your life. It is, after all, your opponent. — *Todd Cole*

Smart cars

Audi unveils an automatic transmission that does the driver's thinking

Whoever said, "I could never own a car that has a higher IQ than me" must be finding life pretty tough today.

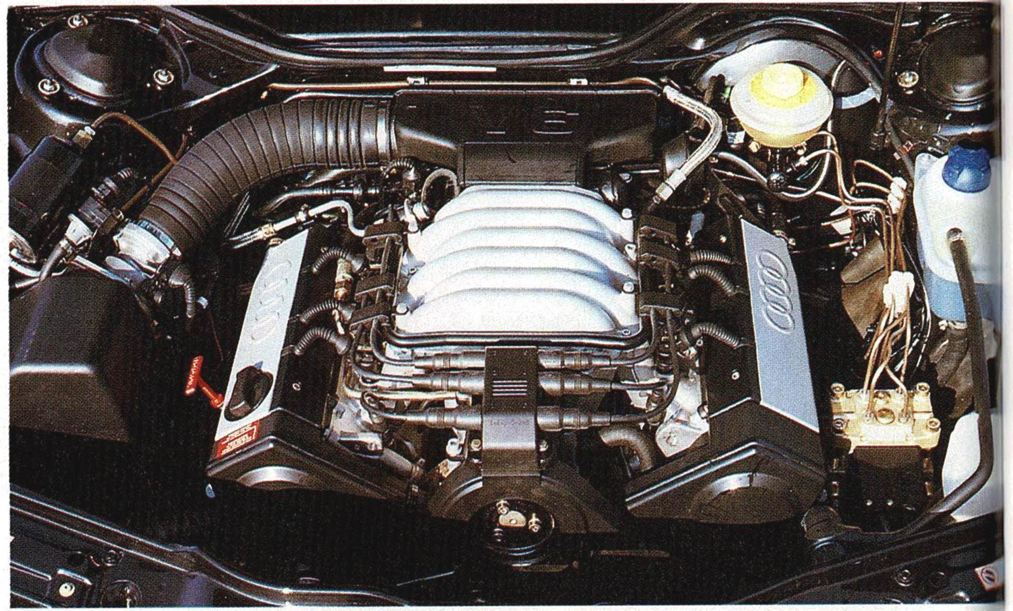
Smart cars are a way of life in the 1990s. The silicon chip has revolutionised the automobile. Computers control a welter of systems in the motor car — engine management, automatic transmissions, traction control, anti-lock braking, the fore/aft torque split of constant four-wheel drive and so on.

Fuel efficiency has reached remarkable levels while, at the same time, cars are producing more power and less pollution. The technological race goes on. In the future engineers will stretch the effectiveness of the combustion engine while pioneering new forms of propulsion for personal transport.

There will be vehicle-to-vehicle radar and navigation programs to guide the motorist through the traffic to home. For sure, the motorist can be forgiven for feeling more intimidated by the brain power of his new family chariot than, indeed, Barry Jones.

Even in motor sport's upper reaches, the high-flying Formula One racing, technology threatens to usurp some of the roles once traditionally taken by the driver. It hasn't been quite as important for the F1 driver to think which, on reflection, was probably a lucky thing for some. Then again, the human side of Grand Prix racing has been fighting back lately, reclaiming some of the time-honoured functions from the engineers in a spicy demarcation dispute which dominated the motor sporting headlines before the season got underway in March.

The technology versus entertainment conflict in Formula One had been repeated in other divisions of motor sport such as our local V8 engines in defiance of auto progress. In the wider field of car ownership and automotive design, however, it's been a case of pedal to the metal. Balancing advancing technology with the need for the affordable and the practicable is an ongoing problem, but the industry is managing to keep serving engineering innovation and excitement at every meal.



The down-side to the incoming tide of sophisticated engineering is the complexity and expense of the monitoring systems and diagnostic gear required to watch over its health. Fortunately, this type of technology, though expensive to rectify, is surprisingly reliable. This is comforting. For all but the most learned of mechanics, the inner recesses of a modern motor car are a minefield.

Technological advances in electronics and the development of systems that interface their astonishing processing power with mechanical or hydraulic controls have emerged as a new science known as "mechantronics".

All of this came to mind recently as I surveyed the latest Audi 100 which features the new "thinking" automatic transmission. Time to be impressed, time to cower in the face of the German car's towering intellect. Road cars now use automatic transmission controls that go much further than the push-button systems currently used on some Grand Prix cars.

Production cars must change ratios with the same lightning speed as Alain Prost's Williams-Renault, but as well must decide when to make the shift. This is done by measuring the difference between the engine and road speed and comparing it with the engine load. The system then follows a speed/load calibration curve stored in its controller memory containing the information it needs to pick the appropriate gear at the right time for the right conditions.

These days most modern electronic transmissions give the driver the choice of Economy or Power shifting programs, the former using lower revs than the latter. The new Audi system has an impressive scientific name — they always do, of course. In Audi's case it is called Dynamic Shift Program or DSP. Not exactly the usual understated German approach, but then the Porsche chaps had already grabbed the short and to-the-point Tiptronic name for their smart auto. DSP has the ability to learn and adapt to the driver's requirements during a trip. This doesn't mean it fulfils requests such as, "I'll have a large packet of potato crisps, a vanilla malted, er, and a blowjob."

No. What it does do is continuously register the number of times a particular driver inputs the transmission, and then varies the gearshift points accordingly, adapting to fit the operator's style. Audi moved to DSP because it felt the conventional dual-mode four-speed auto 'box was too insensitive to the ever-changing driving situations and too dependent on the driver's ability to judge what was best. The dual-mode transmissions, now commonplace, can easily miss the best points in the operating map, compromising performance and penalising economy.

The answer was to create a system that out-thought the driver. Controlled by computer, it provides a set of five different shifting patterns. They spread the operating characteristics to give better economy than a conventional Economy setting at one end of the scale, and sharper performance, too, than a regular Sport setting at the other. Having overcome the limitations of simpler transmissions, the next stop for Audi was to develop a "smart" controller that could take the onus of knowing the right shift pattern to select away from the driver.

This higher realm of electronic logic was accomplished by timing the rate of throttle opening as a measure of the performance intent. So when the engine is started, the system initialises in the most economical shifting program (SP1), upshifting early and staying in taller gears for optimum fuel economy and a relaxed driving pattern. In normal circumstances, this mode will be maintained in urban traffic up to a speed of 70km/h, provided the driver isn't

"DPS has the ability to learn and adapt to the driver's requirements. . ."

Continued on page 128

Idyll hands make light work

In the wake of the Eighties, less may be more

Thrift is the name of this funny little magazine I picked up the other day. It's full of money-saving tips, like how to change your own car oil, how to make your own soap, that sort of thing.

Making your own soap is quite a production; and it involves stuff that isn't, usually, just lying around the house: like half a tonne of boracic acid and the boiling and straining whatnot. I think that's why I buy my soap at the grocer: I let some other bugger do all that. I'll pay to save spending the day toiling over a boiling vat of caustic soda.

But, I suppose, it's not so dumb if you're unemployed, as one million of us are. In fact, even though you would still be classified as unemployed, you wouldn't really be. You'd be employed boiling tallow, changing your engine oil, making jam, building your own home, growing your own food.

It's not really a national tragedy if you look at it from the other end of the bottle. It's simply forced alternativisation. Back in the Sixties and Seventies, this is what all thinking young people were into: leaving the world of business, super highways and polluting motor cars and going back to nature. In hippy days, dropping out was a cure for all those ills. No stress, no heart attacks, no car, no peak-hour rush. Instead, the ennoblement of the spirit as you grew your own wheat, crushed it and baked it into a loaf of hot fresh bread.

Haven't we all mates who bought a few acres and, in the past 20 years, have managed to grow a few tomatoes, some herbs, and a lot of dope? Still, they're getting by. (Be a lot different without the dole, of course but, with it, it's their ideal, their idyll.) Yet we've just had an election fought over who was to blame for giving over one million Australians the chance of joining this idyll.

Between the summer of '68 and the winter of '92 we had the Eighties, the era of greed, when those of us who didn't drop out got fair dinkum about staying in. And why stay in if it weren't for the money, the expensive suits, the flash cars and restaurants, the power, the adrenalin buzz of a deal? But really, how many of us had that anyway? Did you make a million in the Eighties? Okay, you weren't boiling up your own soap but I'll bet you were scrimping and saving on $600 a week just like you are now on the dole.

A million unemployed, phooey. A million people not stuck in dead-end jobs going nowhere, simply having to exist on a quarter of the money but ten times the leisure time of those who have jobs.

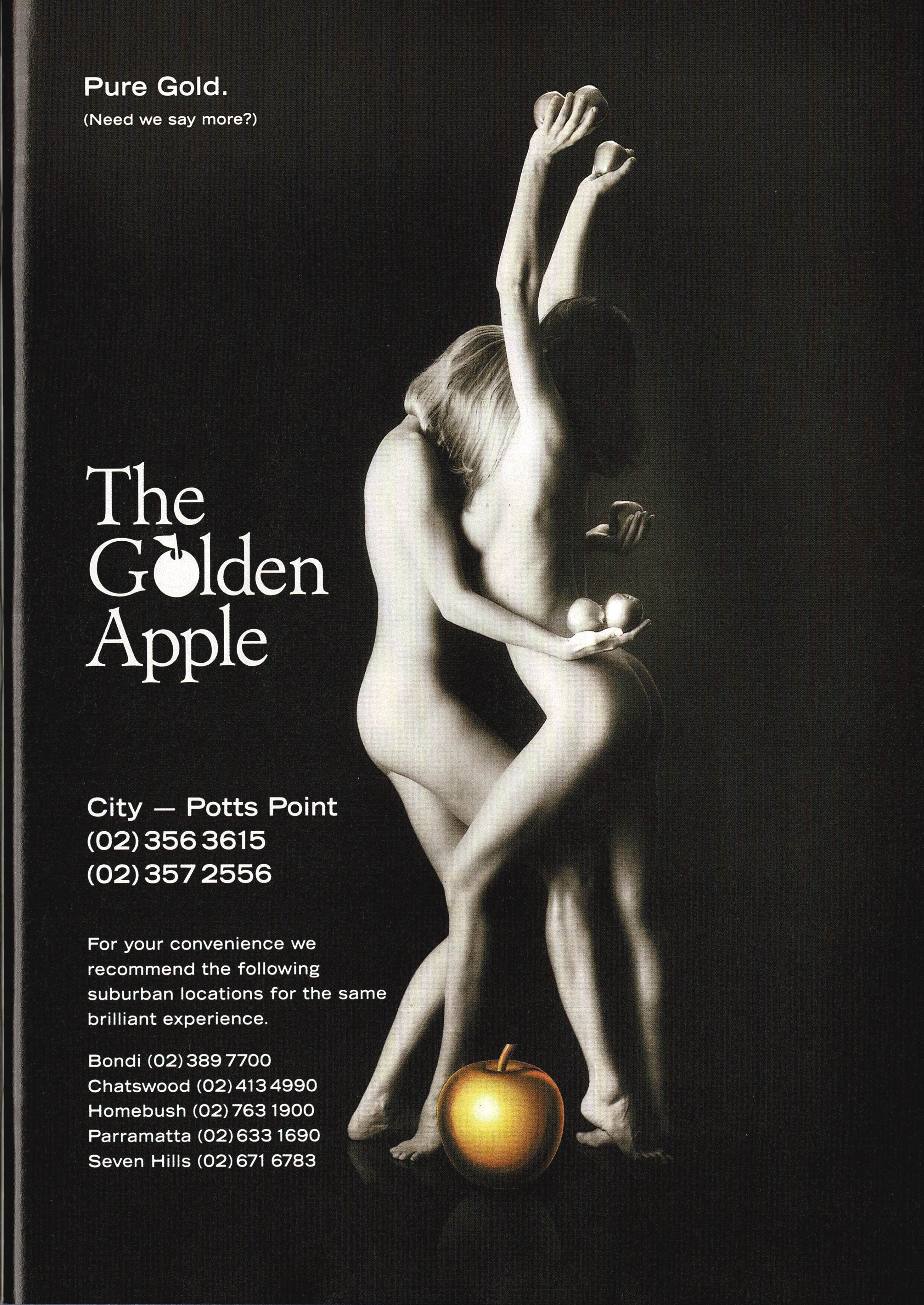
Australia, the land of opportunity, and we've been gulled into staring an opportunity in the face and calling it a national tragedy. If some poor young father of three infants decides he'd rather not live in a house in a suburb full of fathers of three infants living in exactlly the same sort of house and decides that as he can't get a dreary job in the invoice department of Megarobotics Corp that doesn't matter because he doesn't really want it anyway, then good on him. Let him sell his suburban brick venereal for $150,000 and buy a rundown dump in Wilcannia for $30,000 and use the money saved to buy a cow or two. His kids are having the time of their lives, he's healthy and so's the Mrs. Then some *Age* reporter comes along and compares this life with the life of an upwardly mobile product manager with Dental-Floss Corp and paints a tragedy. But it's not.

"Unemployment is not really a national tragedy . . . "

We have this national image of a wisened bushie but a reality of a simpering insurance clerk.

Okay, it's a choice between a dead-end job going nowhere and the dole, going nowhere. In a wiser world, a lot would choose the latter, going nowhere on their own terms and in their own time. The pay's lousy but the hours are brilliant. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Marylouise Brammer



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They shoot eagles, don't they?

In Western Australia, eagle shooting is still legal

The West Coast Eagles footie team reached the pinnacle of achievement and public popularity when they won the 1992 AFL Grand Final. The bird of the same name can lay no such claim in either area.

It is one of the great ironies that in Western Australia, where just about everyone, it seems, is a footie fan who is proud to chant "we're the Eagles", is also the only place in the world where you can still get a licence to shoot an eagle.

"The only state, in the only country in the world," restates Phil Pain for emphasis. "It's a national disgrace. An absolute national disgrace. Every Australian should hang his head in shame. More than two million wedge-tailed eagles have been killed."

Shame? Aren't eagles just flying vermin? Lamb killers? The farmer's enemy?

One would expect Pain, who has devoted his life to saving and protecting birds of prey or raptors in general and eagles in particular, and set up the Eagles Heritage at Margaret River in the deep south of Western Australia, to let loose about as much verbal firepower as the USS Ranger has of the steel variety. But no.

With a measured patience, the former professional zoo keeper smiles, almost sympathetically and certainly with some resignation at having to repeat it all yet again to yet another "misinformed."

"When the eagle was blamed as a lamb killer, the Agriculture Protection Board initiated very extensive field studies to determine how much damage that bird actually did. Their findings concluded that the wedge-tailed eagle was of absolutely no consequence to the sheep population of Australia whatsoever."

This, he readily admits, is wildly at variance with eastern Australian folklore.

"When I started to find out how badly treated birds of prey were in Australia, it was frightening," he says. "Wedge-tails were shot and killed literally by the millions under a government-sponsored bounty because they were blamed for killing sheep and lambs and all the rest of it.

"That myth and superstition has been passed down through families. In England, the attitude is totally different. If you are found with a golden eagle feather, it's a thousand pound fine if you don't have a certificate or proof of ownership of that feather.

"In Western Australia, you can still get a licence to shoot an eagle. We are now the only state in Australia, and Australia is the only country in the world that has that law in place. Western Australia is so far behind the rest of the world, it isn't funny."

Pain admits that occasionally an eagle might predate consistently on lambs. But, he says, this must be put into perspective. "You have got to look at it in its true light. Say over a period of a year he took five lambs, that sounds significant. But usually these properties run a couple of thousand head of sheep and you are going to get five or ten percent lamb loss anyhow. Say 25 of those lambs are dead already so the wedge-tail didn't take them, he was only feeding on dead ones. Now the next 25 are subject to different things, such as weakness when they were born, dying of some problem after birth, being killed by foxes or being killed by town dogs. Studies have concluded that the wedge-tail kills less than one percent of the lambs eaten in any situation.

"They further studied and found that a breeding pair of wedge-tailed eagles will kill 800 rabbits a year. If you work out the way a pair of rabbits breed, over a five year period it's about half a million rabbits.

"Now, you have then got to work out how much fodder half a million rabbits will eat. Accordingly, if they eat all that green grass, you are going to have less food and you are going to have less babies and you are going to have less healthy animals all over.

"If you take all that into account, and the fact that wedge-tailed eagles will also quite readily kill feral cats and adult foxes, plus they clean up the carcasses which stops the spread of the biggest killer of adult sheep in this country, fly strike, so all over the board, the wedge-tailed eagle is helping the farmer.

"Accordingly, every other state fully protected them 10 years ago. So the fact that you can get a licence to shoot them has no scientific base," he says.

Pain started his zoo keeping career at Taronga in Sydney in 1970. It was here that he took up the cause of the raptors. The Eagles Heritage, on 29 acres in Margaret River, was set up to handle the urgent needs of injured birds.

"We had started a rehabilitation centre in Perth in 1979. Due to the overwhelming number of birds handed in we started the Society for the Preservation of Raptors in 1984, because the numbers had gone from about 30 a year to 261 and we couldn't cope.

"We had to get as many people with those skills and interests together to look after the birds in mass. And it got too much for my backyard. You can't do proper rehabilitation in a backyard. You need 25-metre flight aviaries, net boxes, specialised areas for training and flying birds. You can't do that in the metropolitan area.

> **"WA is the only place in the world where you can get a licence to shoot an eagle. . ."**

So we decided that if we were going to do rehabilitation, we would either have to stop doing it altogether or open it up to the public. There the idea of Eagles' Heritage was born. This way we can educate the public and do the rehabilitation."

Thousands of visitors have passed through the wildlife centre and been educated. More than 10,000 comments in the visitors' book indicate that the message has landed. Firmly.

Undoubtedly, our ever-greening attitude has helped to fuel the interest, and receptiveness. And Pain sees the Heritage's role as being at the forefront of the conservation battle.

"As far as I am concerned, every bird of prey is endangered. Some people say, 'Don't be ridiculous, the wedge-tailed eagle and kestrel are so common they will never be extinct'.

"Well that was said about the passenger pigeon of North America, the most prolific bird on earth. There were flocks of three billion seen in America... in 50 years there wasn't one left.

"You have got to learn to live with the environment. It's like snakes. They kill billions and billions of rats and mice every year. If it wasn't for snakes, we would be up to our elbows in them.

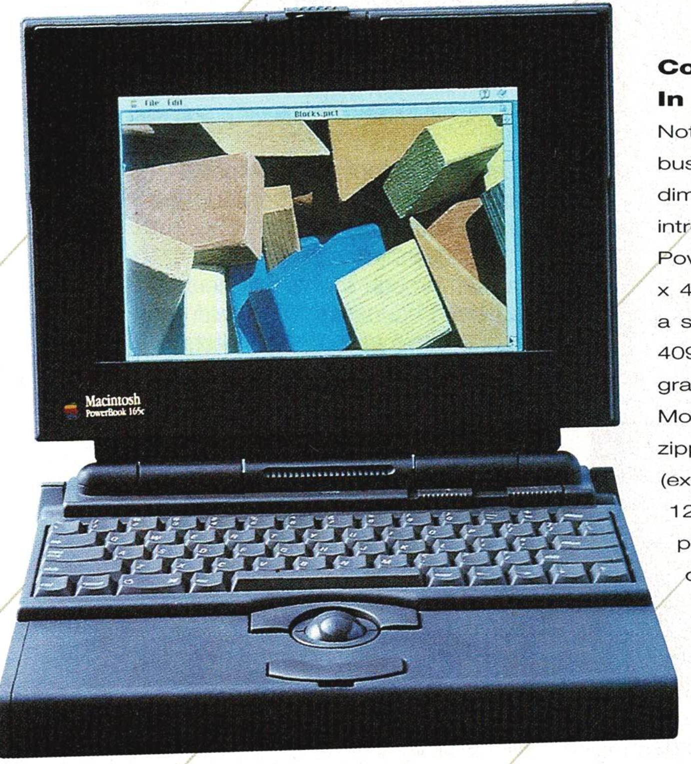
"I go down on my hands and knees everyday and say, 'Thank you for the snakes and lizards.' Yet most people see a snake and want to beat it to death. And be sure of one thing. Our kids will hold us to account for what we do to our wildlife." — *David Taylor*

state of the art

Nikon
ZOOM100
AF
Nikon Zoom Lens 35-70mm Macro

More Zoom Less Room

Nikon's new Zoom 100 offers the versatility of a 3570mm power zoom lens combined with a sleek and compact body of pocketable dimensions. The camera does just about everything automatically including deciding when flash is needed, but there are a couple of neat little features for added creativity. For instance, it's possible to mix flash and night lights to give natural looking evening exposures while fill-in flash compensates for bright backgrounds. There's even a preflash function to reduce the ghoulish red-eye effect. Expect to pay around $400 for the latest in smart snapshooters.



Compact Computing In Colour

Notebook-style computers are currently big business and Apple has added a new dimension to the competition by introducing a colour version of its PowerBook. The 165c has a 16-inch 640 x 400 pixel backlit display which supports a standard 256 colours (from a palette of 4096) to give good saturation and gradation. Brain power comes from a Motorola 68030 chip which runs at a zippy 33MHz and there's 4MB of RAM (expandable to 14MB) with an 80MB or 120MB hard disk. The rechargeable NiCd power pack is good for about two hours of computing, but this can be extended by using the EverWatch battery saver. The 80MB version costs $7495 and is supplied with System 7.1 software.

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Hand Job

Make movies single-handedly with Hitachi's ultralightweight and compact VM-H37 camcorder. It's a Hi8 format machine which means exceptionally high quality pictures and these are complimented by a hi-fi stereo soundtrack. At the business end is an 8x zoom lens, but this magnification can be increased to 64x via a digital zoom feature. The 560gm H37 also provides digital filter effects, programmed exposure control and a built-in character generator for making titles. Hitachi Sales Australia will happy to point you in the direction of a stockist. Expect to pay around $2800.

STEREO INTEGRATED AMPLIFIER SU-VX920

Power, Glorious Power

The heart of any good sound system is a quality amplifier with a reasonable amount of grunt. The Technics SUVX920 pumps 110 watts into each channel (or a massive 180 watts with a four ohm load) and it uses Class AA circuitry which, as you might guess, means no corners have been cut in the componetry or the construction. Up to six inputs can be hooked up (including a DCC deck). Two speaker pairs can be driven, but Technics also makes it easy to hook up a surround-sound processor. A pleasant surprise is the $1199 price which is excellent value for so much power. From Panasonic Australia.

Good Looking Sound

Gone are the days when loudspeakers were little more than crude boxes... style is now as important as sound. British company B&W has introduced the 2000 series of loudspeakers which feature a curved front panel design with a ribbed PVC moulding plus individual PVC grilles for each driver. Each grille has been specially designed for optimum transparency while, on the inside, the 2000 models feature acrylic-damped woofers and tweeters cooled via magnetic fluid. Precise tuning has eliminated the need for a crossover. More info from Convoy International.

Quick Reflex

For the more enthusiastic photographer who doesn't want to carry a tonne of gear, Olympus has introduced the IS3000. It's a fully-blown 35mm reflex, but has a fixed 35-180mm power zoom lens and built-in flash which permits a compact "all-in-one" package. Serious shooting features include a 1/2000 second shutter, multi-zone metering (with a spot measurement option), auto and manual exposure control, a two frames-persecond motordrive and four subject modes (for action, portraits, etc). The IS-3000 sells for $1500 from R.Gunz (Photographic).

Coming From Behind

Home theatre is the latest buzz in electronic entertainment. To recreate the excitement of cinema sound in your lounge room, you need a special processor (plus, of course, an additional pair of speakers). Kenwood has introduced a budget option called the SS992 which is designed to power the rear speakers plus a central channel which improves the spatial impression even more. Obviously your existing amp drives the front speakers. The SS-992 handles Dolby Pro-Logic soundtracks (in other words, any modern video or TV movie) to deliver convincing surround sound. It's yours for an affordable $599.

KENWOOD
SS-992
WIDEBAND
VOLUME CONTROL

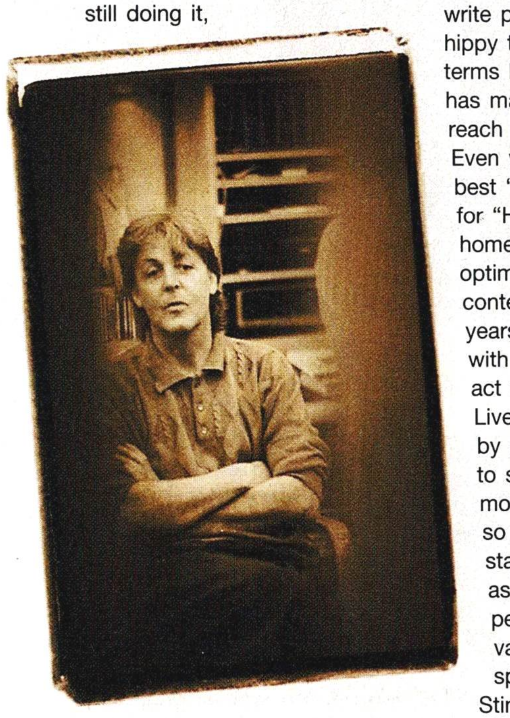
FRONT

sounds

review

BOWIE, STING AND McCARTNEY SOAR EVEN HIGHER

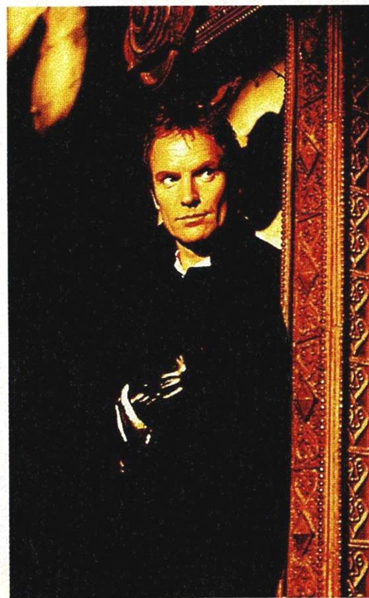
Three perennials are wearing cheery faces for current releases. **Sting** has gone blissfully pop for *Ten Summoner's Tales* (A&M) having exorcised angst over parental passing and childhood grudges on his previous tome. **David Bowie** is in a relaxed good mood for *Black Tie White Noise* (BMG) having been happily hitched not too long ago and **Paul McCartney** seems to be just chuffed at still doing it, especially touring, at age 51. He and his merry band claim that it only takes a little bit of love to get *Off The Ground* (Parlophone). They brought many more tons (of production) with them on the tour that graced Australia earlier this year but Macca kept his feet planted firmly on stage for over two hours singing up a storm. McCartney can't help himself with cute word plays which reach some sort of conclusion on "Biker Like An Icon" that even with its straight pushy groove and live images of Marlon Brando sounds like little more than a long jingle. "Looking For Changes" proves Paul's point that it is hard to write protest pop songs. Old hippy that he is, he drops terms like "love vibration" but has made a definite attempt to reach beyond silly love songs. Even when they adopt their best "Besame Mucho" stance for "Hope Of Deliverance" the homey, warming glow of optimism has a broader context. For the past 22 years he's had to compete with the Beatles — a hard act for anyone to follow. Live, he's now solved that by allowing himself access to some of those magic moments from the Sixties so he can bring to the stage a wealth of writing as well as singing, performing and production values that are simply spectacular.



Sting also features his most recent live quartet with added textures like strings, harmonicas, flute and brass. The title, a play on his name (Sumner) and a bawdy Chaucer tale is indicative of his playful mood. "Love Is Stronger Than Justice", a mini cowboy saga, mixes spaghetti and western with some fluid jazzy odd time. The obvious musical prowess neatly serves the song which is one of Sting's biggest achievements in his best solo work. This is no clever riff mania like *Rush*. Nor is it, in his gentler moments like the elegant, rustic "Fields Of Gold", sloppy syrup like Kenny G. Including "It's Probably Me" from *Lethal Weapon 3* (redone with a more expansive treatment), his often wistful funk paints little self-contained vignettes and in the end he can assert this time: "You'll still know nothing about me."

> "McCartney couldn't help himself with cute word plays. . ."

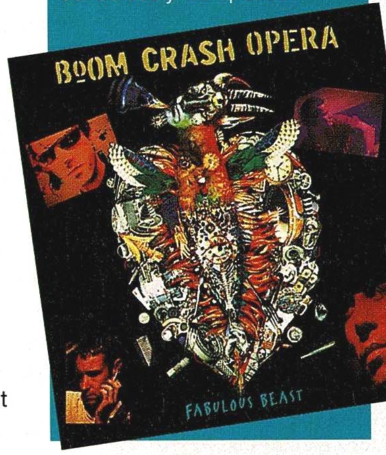
David Bowie could, as usual, make similar assertions though this may be his most openly expressed love album. Church bells ring at either end of the set and he makes suitable altar commitments like "I'll be good ... change my ways, I believe in magic." The sweet pain of love incites "I love the sound of making love, the feeling of your skin ... I never want to say goodnight ... the less we know the better we feel." He allows himself a big passionate sing on top of the gospel rock of Morrissey's "I Know It's Gonna Happen Someday (don't lose faith!)", but elsewhere with the crooned, phased and doubled vocals his mood if not message is crystal clear.

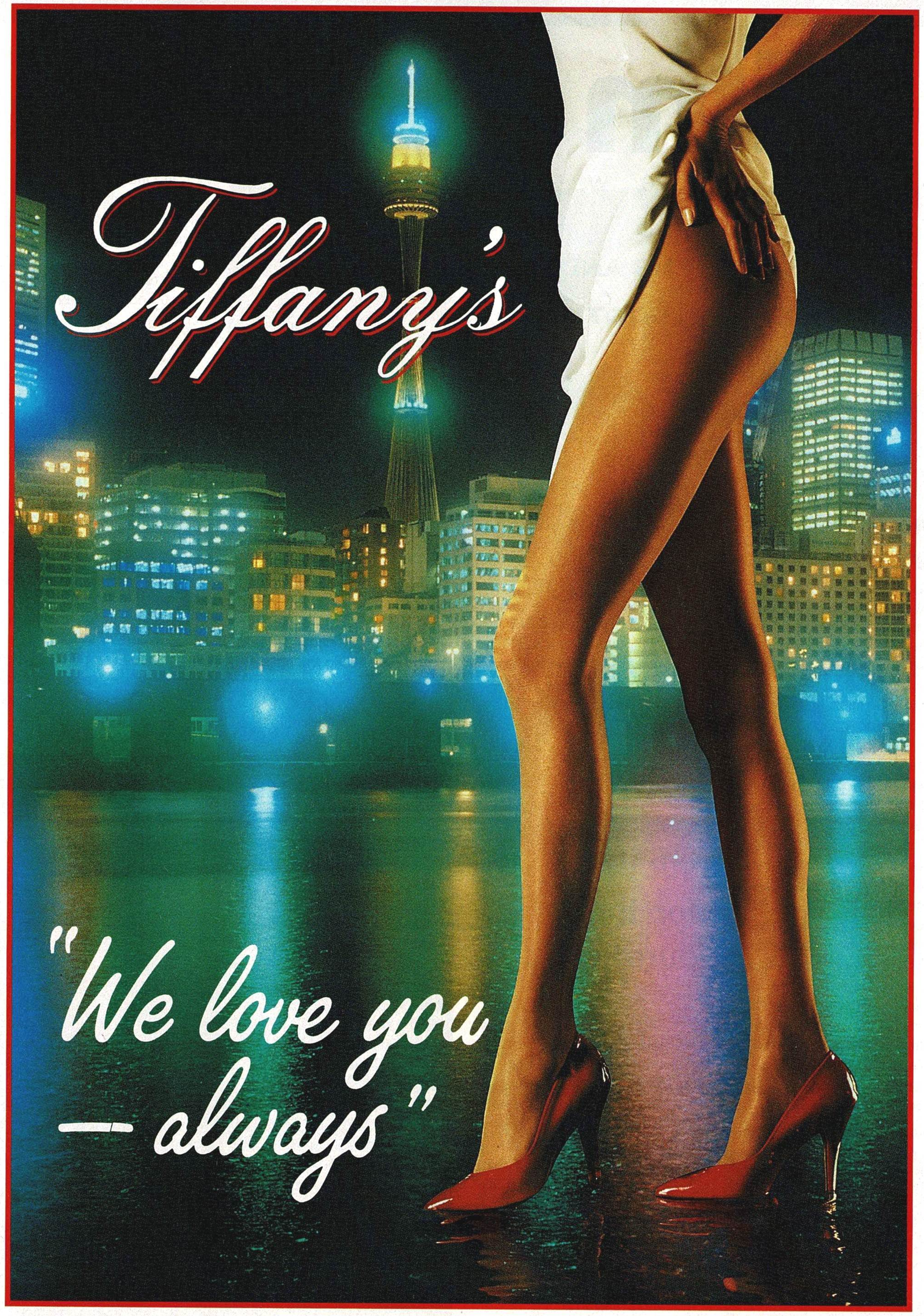


Former comrades like Spiders From Mars guitarist Mick Ronson, who adds spirited jangle to the old Cream cry of exhilaration "I Feel Free", and pianist Mike Garson join in on the jazz funk dance floor as DB engages in some happy little sax noodles like "The Wedding", "Looking For Lester" and some gothic hip-hop "Pallas Athena." Bowie sings on the title track of "Looking Through African Eyes Lit By The Glare Of An L.A. Fire". — *Jeremy Cook*

CRASH AND BURN

The power of the civil unrest effected **Boom Crash Opera** as they hit Los Angeles to record. The *Fabulous Beast* (East West) they gave birth to ended up containing only one of the 15 pre-written tracks as they got a surge of creative energy in the studio from being in that city of unrest. The result lacks none of their characteristic cavernous punch, but the groove is looser and less self-consciously composed.





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ARABS, ALIENS AND UNDER-TEN FOOTY

Often the merest fact that a film is animated is a sure fire recipe for a G-rating. And that, more often than not, results in a film copping the incorrect label of children's film.

Aladdin is a prime example of such a mistake. For while it bears a G-rating and will, without a doubt, be a winner with the kids, it is a masterfully presented film that cannot fail to win fans from the adult ranks as well.

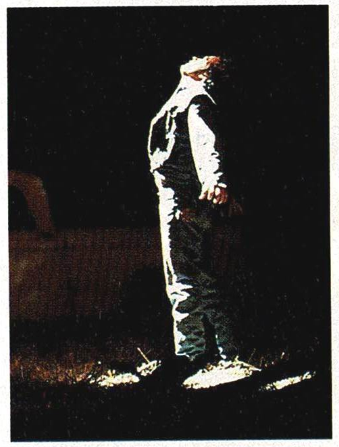
Superbly crafted, *Aladdin* is the much-anticipated Disney production which tells the story of a young street boy, Aladdin, who meets and falls in love with a princess, the daughter of the local Sultan.

The film's principle villain comes in the form of the Sultan's seer who hopes to claim the princess as his own bride, kill the Sultan and rule in his stead.

But while the storyline may sound a trifle on the deep side, it is lightly dished up and, owing to well written comic elements, will keep you in stitches for the duration.

Robin Williams, who most recently starred in *Toys*, stars as the voice of the genie who is drawn from his lamp. Little can be said about Williams except to say that he is simply hilarious. A first class effort.
****

> **" It will keep you in sticthes for the duration . . ."**



There is a shockingly corny quality to films about encounters with UFOs that makes it difficult for any viewer to hold their stomach and wits about them for any duration.

Fire In The Sky is just such a tantalising offering that, in the hand off, comes out like a film that should have been made about ten years ago. The story opens in 1975 with a group of loggers in a pickup truck driving along a lonely mountain road in a northeastern Arizona forest where they observe (gag) a strange and unusually bright (retch) light in the sky.

Too predictable yet?

Despite warnings from his co-workers and consumed in curiosity, Travis Walton (*Memphis Belle's* D.B. Sweeney) leaves the safety of the truck to take a closer look (yawn) and is thrust to the ground by a mysterious bolt of energy (cough).

The lingering question is asked: is their account of what has happened so incredible it can only be true?

Well, whatever it is, it is certainly dull. And predictable. You've seen it all before.*

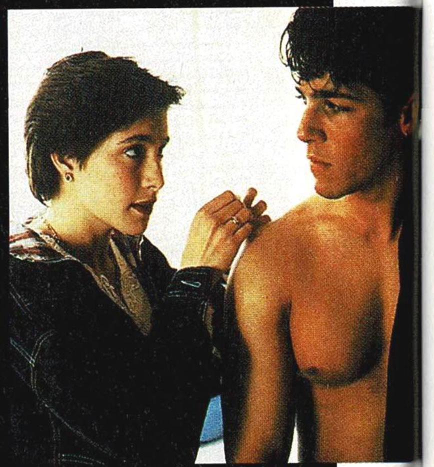
In **Champions** Emilio Esteves stars as a competitive aggressive, fast-paced lawyer who plays big-league business with the top brass, that is until he gets cut down to size by a judge and a misdemeanor charge.

Gordon Bombay (Esteves) is sentenced to community service, assigned to coach "pee wee hockey" — which in Australian terms equates to footy for the under tens.

What follows is typically predictable mush — he doesn't like the kids, they resent him for not liking them. He feels bad, they feel bad, everyone becomes friends, he decides he's going to make a go of it, he does, they do, and they shoot to the top of the hockey ladder.

It's not an entirely dreadful movie. It's not awfully brilliant either. It's just blandly average.
** — *Ford Buchanan*

MADE IN OZ



If 1993 is remembered for anything, it will be the incredibly successful slough of Australian films that made it to the silver screen. The Heartbreak Kid is the latest Australian release and it is sure to follow *Strictly Ballroom, Romper Stomper* and the much-anticipated *Love in Limbo* up the stairway of success.

Alex Dimitriades stars as Nick, a 17-year-old Greek-Australian boy and Claudia Karvan is Christina, his 24-year-old Greek-Australian school teacher.

Nick comes from a single parent home, where he has to serve as a mother to his young sister Effie, but he's much more interested in a future on the soccer field than a serious career — much to the chagrin of his father.

His efforts to establish a soccer team at school are thwarted by a racist sports master who wants Australian Rules to be the only code played — and that is where Christina (Karvan) steps in.

Taking up his cause, Nick feels for the first time that someone believes in him and what follows is a sure fire recipe for hysteria.

Dimitriades, in his first film role, is simply brilliant. He is a young man with a lot of strong, raw acting talent and he shines, if not for the performance he is giving, then for the obvious potential he has.

Claudia Karvan puts in a great performance as Nick's teacher and the object of his obsessions. She is an established player who has cut her teeth on such critically praised films as *The Big Steal and High Tide*, for which she won an AFI Award.

A winner **

SOME PEOPLE WOULD LIKE TO SHAPE YOUR MIND!

You don't have to leave Australia to find people who are willing to do your thinking for you. Right now, some Australians are making important decisions about what you should be allowed to read, see and hear. They are not the representatives of governments elected by Australian voters, but self-appointed censors trying to impose their point of view upon you.

These people want to make rules about what television programs you may watch, and what books and magazines you may read.

If these minority lobbyists succeed in their efforts to censor television programs, magazines and books, our lives will be a little less complicated. And a lot less free.

As an Australian, you have the freedom to think for yourself and say **NO** to censorship.

Say it today — tomorrow may be too late. Freedom is everybody's business!

CENSORSHIP

If you have a question about any sex-related subject, write to Penthouse Advisor, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

advisor

candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Sartorial dilemma

Having been in a long relationship until very recently, I never really paid attention to how I look in terms of fashion. Now that I'm back on the dating scene, I'm confused as to what I should wear on a date. I know that this probably sounds pretty silly to you but the clothes in which I'm comfortable, like shorts and sloppy joes, are not appropriate for going on a full-on date. Is there such a thing as appropriate first date clothing? I don't want to mess up and show at the dinner looking overly casual or overly formal. Can you suggest any basic necessities for the modern man's wardrobe that will still maintain my individuality?

The first clothing necessity for a man who wants to maintain individuality is this: don't ask others what to wear. The most confident dressers are people who take no notice of trends or fashions because they know that style is far more important. Therefore, often the best dressed men are the ones who have their clothes tailored because they have no desire to wear the "right thing". If you want to impress this girl, then dress exactly the way you feel comfortable. Most women like a man who's not afraid to be himself. If you are still confused, then take a look at the most suave bloke the next time you go out, and dress just like him.

Cling con

My boyfriend is a sincere caring man with whom I am deeply in love. The problem is that whenever we are around other men, he gets very clingy. He touches me much more than usual and showers me in what I should call affection but it actually feels like he's sending out a message to the other men around that I'm "his". These gestures feel different to the others that occur when we're alone together although the physical act is pretty similar. We've been together a long time, we have a stable relationship and a great sex life, why does he feel the need to do this?

Maybe he doesn't like other men having designs on you or even looking at you. Many men go into this father-figure role of possession if they're insecure or bossy or both. If all this attention gives you the creeps then ask him to back off. The other reason for his behaviour could be that he is role-playing. Maybe his parents have done the clingy act or he's had an older brother who's behaved like this or it was just something he saw in a movie when he was a kid. Or maybe he just thinks it's the kind of behaviour you expect. Try talking about it; you never know, he may be relieved that he doesn't have to grab you any more.

Super seed

All my life, I've heard about the concept of virility but I never really understood it. I've heard that baldness is a sign of it, big hairy men wears symbols denoting it around their necks on thick gold chains, and I even heard women praise it in a man. But what is virility? Is it a cultural concept that differs from society to society or does it relate to biological concept such as high sperm count?

Virility is basically an idea of manliness. It includes the changes that happen to a boy when he goes through puberty (deep voice, pubic hair, muscle definition), a "manly" attitude or vigour, and the ability to procreate (sperm count).

Morning conduct

In the movie *Torch Song Trilogy* there is a scene when a bloke wakes up before his lover in the morning and hurriedly shaves, brushes his teeth, fixes his hair and generally improves his appearance before climbing back into bed and "waking up" looking wonderful. Maybe it's just me but I end up doing something very similar with my lover. I don't want to breath "morning breath" on my beloved of a few months and consequently I spend those first few minutes of the morning facing away from her as I talk to her. What do I do?

What do you do?! Well, there's probably several hundred women reading this right now who are saying, "It's in the movie, lunkhead." If you are embarrassed by having morning dog-breath then do something about it, like brushing with toothpaste, gargling vodka and rinsing with water. If this sounds slightly fussy, then think about this: when was the last time you wanted to do cute pillow talk with a girl who's breath could singe your nasal hair?

Holy fantasy, Batman

My girlfriend wants me to dress up as Batman. It all started when we watched the video together. She got really worked up and ended up masturbating herself to climax. I thought that this was where the fantasy would end, but she carried it a step further by buying me this Batman type outfit to dress up in when we have sex. I just can't take the thing seriously and start giggling or joking around halfway through which only angers my girlfriend. Any suggestions?

There are many men who write to us with these types of problems. The best advice we can give is to make a compromise, since few men want to dress up in a Batman costume. Instead, surprise her one night with a Zorro or Three Musketeers outfit. These get-ups are a hit with a lot of women. If that doesn't cut it, then you may have to go along with the bat thing, which is maybe not your first choice of image, but at least it's not a duck suit or diapers.

Rule of Thumb

I am a 20-year-old student. The problem is that I am ashamed of the length of my penis, which is only 5cms long when flaccid and 8cms when erect.

There was an occasion where I successfully got a girl to have a one-night stand. Afterwards, she commented that she was not satisfied with the sex because my penis was not long enough. I felt ashamed of myself and since then, I never had the courage to have sexual intercourse with the opposite sex, even though I had the opportunity. In spite of the shameful length, my cock is very sensitive and responsive. Is there any solution to this matter? Perhaps there is some medication or exercise that could lengthen my penis? Is it true that females get more sexual satisfaction from men who have bigger, longer penises? Will it effect my future married life.

I have read that women fancy men with long penises, as men fancy women with huge breasts. Is this statement true?

To say that all women like long penises is as insulting to the choices and personal tastes of women as it is ignorant of the absolute diversity of human individuality. Different women like a lot of different things when it comes to sex — just ask a few of them sometime. Surveys we've seen say that while women might have a big penis as an ideal, it is not important in reality. Which is the same as a man who may have large breasts as an ideal physical attribute in women, but he will not judge his lover on this ideal because it really isn't that important. The lover who gave you this "shame" of your own penis is not indicative of most women so try to ignore her. It was only a one-night stand and therefore your only concern should be: "was I fulfilled?" The penis you have is the only one you get, so it would be a pity to be ashamed of it. Happy hunting.

To sleep, perchance to dream

I'm a 24-year-old male with a rather vexing problem. My sex-life is great. My girlfriend of seven months and I enjoy passionate, thoroughly satisfying sex but problems arise after we have finished. I go to sleep. I can't help it and I try to fight it but my body will just not listen to my mind. My girlfriend wants us to lie awake and whisper sweet nothings to one another and I'm not at all against this idea but I just can't stay awake. I feel terrible just passing out like this. Can you give me any advice on keeping the peepers open after sex?

It is natural for a man to sleep after he's come. It is nothing to be embarrassed about. It's all to do with chemicals released into the brain after ejaculation. If your lover can't handle this then she should be with another female or a man who can't come.

Ultimate persuasion

I've been dating this girl for four months now and all we do is kiss and cuddle. I'm 20, she's 19 and neither of us are virgins. I've tried every means of persuasion from gentleness to being withdrawn to trying to be as sexy as possible but nothing seems to work. She says that she wants more between us than just friendship but when it comes down to it the girl just won't go any further than a kiss or cuddle. How do I get her to fuck me?

Why not ask her? It's done wonders for many of us in the past. If she says, "I won't fuck you", then there it is, you have your answer. Maybe she wants cuddles and kisses but no sex. If she says, "I will fuck you, in two weeks", then beware: some women judge time in a completely different way to mere males and I wouldn't hold your breath.

Size matters

I would like it if you could send me any information about penis enlargement or the name and address of any doctor who can help me with this problem.

I am 24-years-old and I have only ever made love with one woman. We were together for about four years before she left me for one of my best mates. I still love her very much but she doesn't love me any more and I know for a fact that part of the reason she left me is because he has a larger penis, therefore sex with him is better.

You might think that it is more of a mental problem and in a way it is, because I will not risk this happening to me again and if nothing can be done, I will just stay home and be very lonely for the rest of my life.

In this day and age of technology there must be something that I can do to permanently enlarge my penis. It would give me the self confidence to go out and meet other women.

You probably get hundreds of letters like this, but it is a real-life problem that effects everything I do; it is like balding men or flat-chested women who want to improve their self confidence.

Can you please send me anything at all that you know about this problem. I don't want you to write back and tell me size doesn't matter because in my case it has and it does.

You're right, yours is a mental problem. It is normal to look for excuses when a relationship breaks down and you've decided your excuse is the size of your penis. The "other guy" in this case happens to be your best friend so your penis-size fixation has turned into a type of paranoid obsession. In reality, maybe she left you for entirely different reasons. There, and not once did we say that size doesn't matter.

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DesiGninG

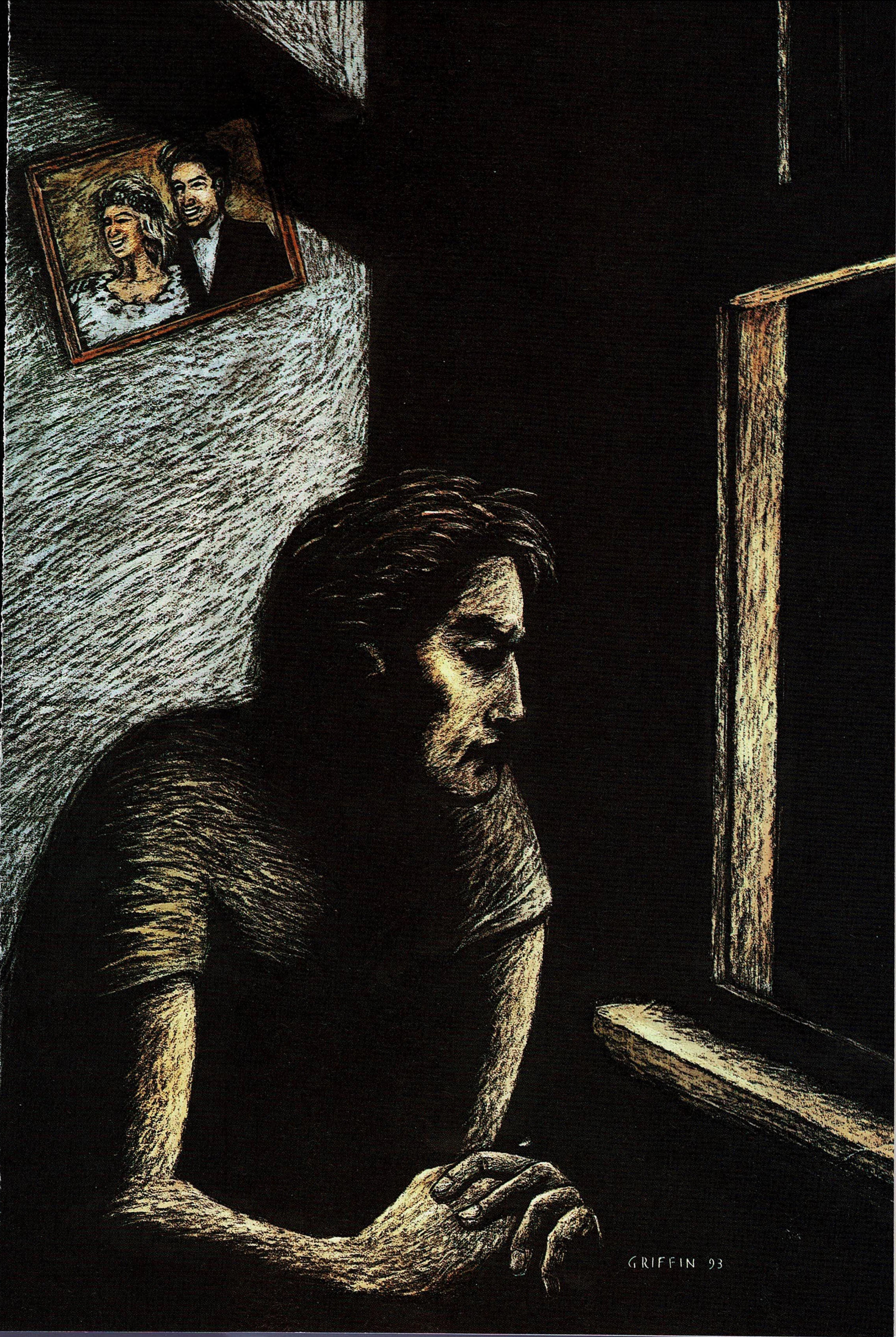
woMan

Photography by Suze Randall

At 24, Christine Tyler is well on her way to making it to the top of the commercial property field. The stunning blonde says that she throws herself into her work with a passion that is only equalled when she finds herself with a man that really excites her.

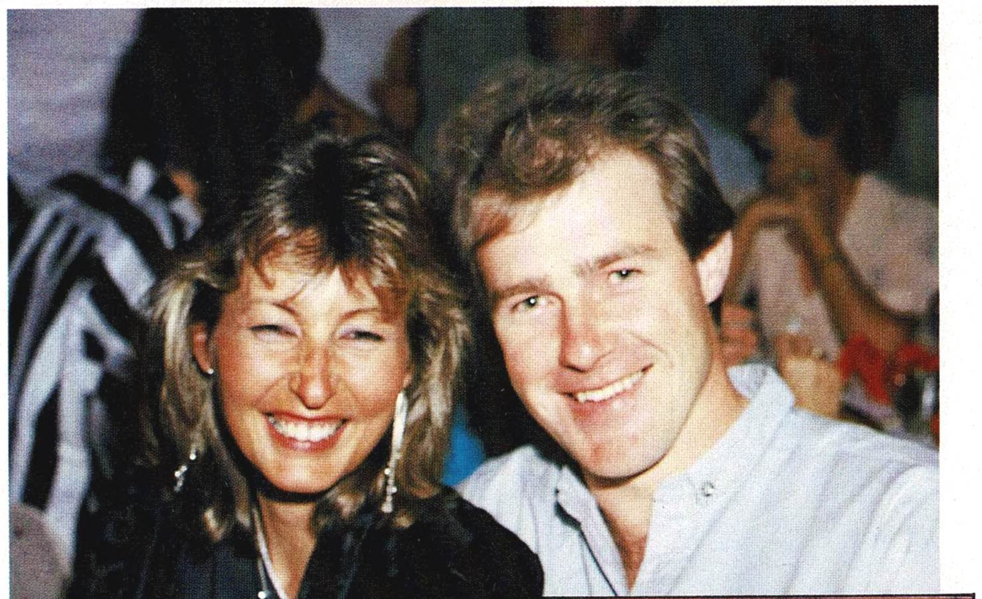
"I'm a very outgoing person and I enjoy putting on little shows for the men in my life. Once I showed up at the office of one of my lovers wearing just an overcoat, my stockings, suspenders and stiletto heels. I walked into his office shut the door, dropped my coat and made love with him right there on his desk. It was a rather memorable lunch hour."

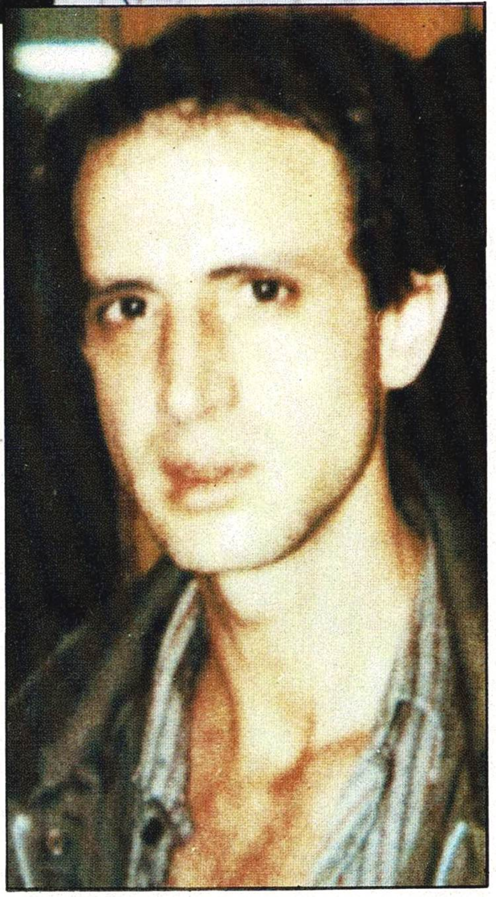
Christine is the epitome of the highly organised, ultra-efficient young businesswoman and says that men find her aggressive approach a real turn-on. "I have a staff of four under me and I just know that when I'm delegating tasks or examining their work, they're fantasising about making love with me. It might sound a bit harsh, but I really do love the power of my own sexuality." Christine unashamedly admits to knowing what she wants and demanding it on the spot. "I know what turns me on and I know what I want a man to do to me. So I tell them. At least that way, there's no doubt involved, the man knows what I need. Anyway, I know that most men find nothing more exciting than being with a sexually aggressive woman."



GRIFFIN 93

Obsession





Penny Bean is haunted by the memory of that Monday morning five years earlier. The dream now takes on many variations, all ending with the voice of her former lover, Tony Aliano, saying, "Penny, we have to talk."

Aliano loved Penny. The fact that Penny loved another man was untenable and time was no healer. For four years Aliano strived to change Penny's mind.

On that January morning in 1988, he planned to abduct Penny and hold her captive in a camper van which was eventually found abandoned on an isolated forest trail. The van was stocked with provisions — including women's toiletries — which would have lasted several months.

"We were told that it was also fitted with padlocks and chains," Penny states flatly.

"It was obvious he intended to hold me captive until I came around to his way of thinking. But the plan went wrong. Instead, he killed Andrew."

Aliano disappeared. But police were now certain he planned to harm Penny. They kept a 24-hour guard on her parents' home where she'd fled after Andrew's death. She took indefinite leave from work; eating and sleeping with police only an arm's length away. An infra-red scan alerted them of any movement around the boundaries of the property. As Penny became a prisoner, another tragic scenario was unfolding nearby.

At first, 41-year-old Kristine Ashford wasn't overwhelmed by the attentions of the handsome Argentinian, Alex Obholz.

"I thought he was very good looking and a gentleman," recalls her mother, Eileen Cook. "I thought they'd be good together."

It was the start of a bizarre saga that ended last September in Sydney's Supreme Court. As Eileen sat in the gallery, Jose Alexandro Olbhoz was sentenced to 24 years' jail for her daughter's violent murder.

In summing up, Justice Abadee noted that Kristine had been "doomed to die."

"The longer the obsession festers, the more it defies logic. . ."

They're referred to as "fatal attractions" — normal relationships that sink to obsession.

The longer the obsession festers, the more it defies logic. There's no medical term for the condition. Psychologists hesitate to draw a parallel between the age-old condition of unrequited love and other manifestations of human obsession.

United States police have long recognised the danger of "stalkers" and most States have police units specialising in abnormal obsessional behaviour. Their files range from surveillance of potentially violent fans, to the observation of those suffering from Declerambault Syndrome, commonly known as "Erotomania" — a condition particularly common to women who believe themselves to be adored, usually by a man in a position of power.

"But this is quite different," explains Sydney psychologist Dr Rod Milton. Called upon by police to construct psychological profiles of offenders after a murder has been committed, Dr Milton is surprised at the regularity of fatal attraction murders, and the common elements in each one.

Sydney police tell anecdotes of dozens of jilted lovers who won't take no for an answer; who are finally served with restraining orders, which are difficult to enforce. Although no files are kept on fatal attraction murders, police speculate that in New South Wales alone, an average of five homicides per year may be based on love obsessions, officially recorded as "domestics."

"It's impossible to tell whether someone will become violent or is just being a nuisance," a policewoman says.

In Australia it's possible to have a restraining order placed upon someone who's being a nuisance. "But that's a measure you take when you can't do anything else," Dr Milton continues. "It proves the person is fairly powerless — and the power of a restraining order upon someone with the drive to be a nuisance, isn't very effective. We could introduce measures (as they have in America), where a person can be apprehended because of the threat of violence. But you run into all kinds of civil liberties problems."

Eileen Cook feels she can now "bury" her daughter in her own mind.

"I feel that I pushed Kristine towards Alex in a way. I told her she had to make up her mind; she couldn't string him along."

A relatively casual relationship did develop with the two meeting regularly. But two years later, when Kristine decided that there was no future in going on with it, Obholz had already decided that Kristine was to be his wife.

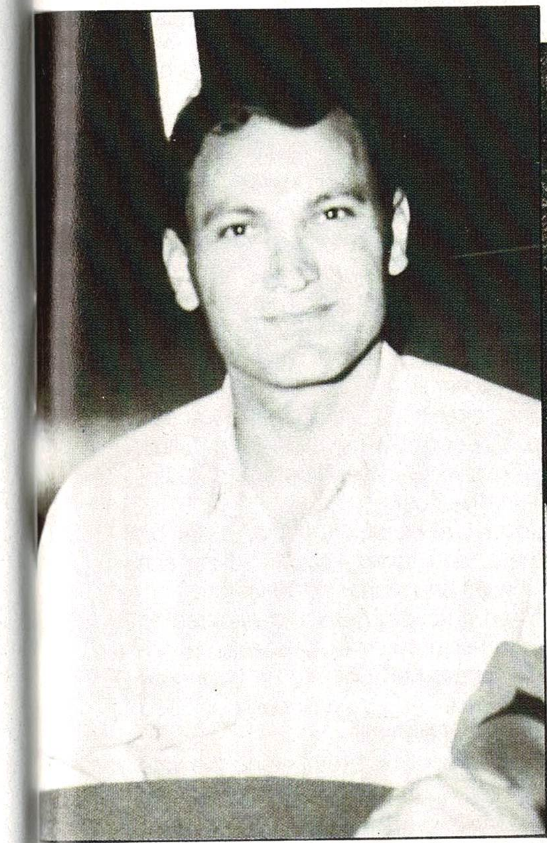
His friends warned Kristine that he had a history of violence and that he had become extremely jealous, certain that she'd rekindled her intimacy with a former boyfriend.

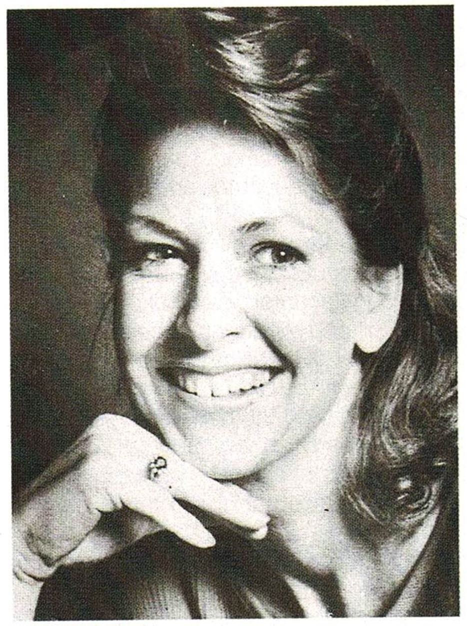
"We didn't take it too seriously, although we'd always see his car around the place," Eileen smiles ruefully.

"If Kristine had called in, I'd look out the window late at night and there it would be. I'd ring her and there would be this funny sound on the phone. We'd joke and say, 'Hello, Alex'."

Police later discovered Obholz had tapped Kristine's telephone and had spent hours cowering in the garage, listening to her conversations.

"It stopped being funny and I started really worrying. Kristine was visiting me once and I heard a noise at the door. I went to look and saw Alex scurrying down the stairs. I called out to him, but we saw him drive away. And even then, she'd say, 'Mum, he'll never hurt me'."





Clockwise from far left: Stalker victim Penny Bean and Andrew Hudswell, the man who died defending her. Stalker Christopher Keceski. Gabriella Jakrot, Keceski's victim. Kristine Ashford, murdered by Alex Obholz. Tony Aliano, the man who killed Andrew Hudswell over Penny Bean.

Penny Bean has been reading a newspaper account of Obholz's obsession. She's compared notes several times with Dawn Gilbert, mother of Tracey Lee, who was shot down by a crazed ex-lover in a Newcastle hairdressing salon four years ago.

"This kind of thing seems to happen again and again," she despairs, "you're just treated as if you're a crackpot. Even after Tony was being questioned over an incident to do with me, it wasn't until a policewoman said to him, 'Don't you understand, she doesn't love you' — and Tony went berserk in the police station — that anyone saw how determined he was."

A month after Obholz was sentenced, Justice Newman, in the Newcastle Supreme Court, sentenced another professional — 32-year-old corporate lawyer Christopher Keceski — to a minimum of ten years' jail for the murder of his ex-girlfriend Gabriella Jakrot.

In common with Penny, Kristine and Tracey, Gabriella was a beautiful young woman. Also, her ex-lover was a professional with a good income. Dr Milton studied Obholz as he was awaiting trial. His report was never presented in court.

"At the time I thought it was really just a case of disappointed love," he says. "But I've changed my point of view. These people are really insecure. But they have a sense of entitlement. They want something and it's up to the woman — their chosen woman — to supply it.

"If she doesn't, they become enraged. And they have a willingness to back that up with violence.

"The violence never leaves a sense of guilt. There is no moral question about the offence that has been committed. In fact, the man usually believes he has acted in a self-righteous manner.

"It's interesting that you never see this if the person — the object — is in a position of strength. If she had six brothers and they said this must stop, I'd guarantee that it would. There seems to be great sadistic pleasure in it."

Dr Milton also sees consistencies in the Latin and European backgrounds of Aliano, Obholz and Keceski.

"It's true certain groups regard women as being very much at the beck and call of men. She is a possession, and that becomes the main thing. As he sees her becoming more and more scared, he becomes more and more powerful — and thinks he's justified in that."

In a thin voice, matching her thin figure, Penny recalls her first meeting with Aliano more than ten years ago. Both Sydney-based CSIRO scientists, they chatted in the tea room. Thirty-year-old Aliano was proud of his research into a new chemotherapy drug. He was Sicilian with a "difficult" son. Eight years younger, Penny found him "different and unusual."

Nine months after meeting Aliano, she moved in with him, against her family's wishes. After two-and-a-half years and innumerable jealous arguments, Penny moved back home.

"He realised that what he wanted was gone and he wanted me back. He'd ring every day with: 'Penny, we need to talk,'" explains Penny.

"So I would feel sorry for him and meet for a cup of coffee. He'd say, 'Penny, I want you back' and I'd tell him, 'I'm not ready'.

"He'd say, 'Fine. I'll give you two days'."

Penny's father recalls his misgivings at the relationship. "Tony wanted to speak to me about what he called 'Penny's problems'. I wrote a letter to him suggesting that those problems might lie with him. As soon as he got the letter — wow! All hell broke loose. He came here, banged on the door and gave me a foolscap page covered in what I describe as gibberish, ravings.

"But we couldn't say anything to Penny then," adds her mother, Meg.

"I really think that she was prepared to write us off, to choose Tony and leave her family," continues Meg. She was wrapped up in him to that extent. We were relieved when she came home."

Penny decided she didn't want to go back. "I told him I wanted to go away on my own and think. I went to the snow and met Andrew Hudswell, who was the coach driver.

"We went out twice before Tony found out and questioned me about it. He sent me a letter saying if I slept with him three days a week — or if he moved in with me — I could do what I wanted the rest of the time. I was scared because I couldn't control the situation."

Aliano began to ambush Penny regularly, and with growing violence. One night Penny awoke in her new third-floor flat to find Aliano holding a carving knife at her throat. He raped her and stayed the night.

Aliano was charged with sexual assault and bail conditions were applied to keep him away from Penny.

It didn't stop him and he continued to make threatening phone calls, always ending with, "I love you."

Meanwhile Penny had found Andrew Hudswell a loving and supportive friend. He moved into Penny's flat.

"He didn't leave me on my own for fear of Tony. For a while we'd see Tony quite often. We'd be shopping and see him following us in the next aisle. But then he seemed to give up. And for a long time we didn't hear anything of Tony at all. Now I know he was just busy planning his next step."

Aliano was on the run for 18 months after shooting dead Andrew Hudswell. Police have been unable to trace his movements during that time. He was eventually trapped after a former landlady recognised him from the television program *Australia's Most Wanted.*

Kristine Ashford initiated a restraining order against Alex Obholz when she first realised he would resort to violence. Obholz had been waiting six hours outside her mother's house when Kristine arrived to visit.

"She saw his car and kept driving," Kristine's mother, Eileen, explains. "But he chased after her and smashed into her and then tried to get at her. She finally managed to drive away."

Eileen had accompanied her daughter to work each morning. "Although she was frightened of him, she didn't think he'd do anything while there were other people around."

On May 28, 1990, Obholz took decisive action. Waiting until Kristine was alone in her Lane Cove real estate office, he stabbed her through the heart with a knife disguised in wrapping paper. As Kristine died, Obholz leapt into his car and then drove into the path of a bus, intending to commit suicide.

"I wish he'd done it," says Eileen. Instead, he killed two elderly bus passengers and left 18 injured.

After Christopher Keceski bashed Gabriella Jakrot to death with a glass decanter last year, he too declared he had planned to kill himself. It took only a year for their seemingly perfect match to turn hellish.

A 28-year-old executive who spoke several languages and often travelled abroad, Gabriella fell for Keceski — the successful 29-year-old lawyer who owned a sleek sports car and loved the good life — in only a matter of weeks.

Within two months they'd moved in together.

But in late 1990, Keceski lost his job and became convinced Gabriella was having an affair. Gabriella's family has always denied his accusations.

"Gabriella never had a relationship with another man," her father, Jan, told reporters outside the court. "It's just not true."

After Keceski threatened Gabriella with rape and assault, she instructed solicitors to deliver a letter which noted: "Our client felt extremely threatened by your actions to the point where she feared for her life."

Even after that, Gabriella and Keceski tried a reconciliation. When it failed, Keceski held Gabriella hostage at knifepoint for five hours.

Soon Gabriella went overseas on business, and faxed Keceski saying she didn't want any more to do with him.

When she returned, she decided to live with her brother, but Keceski continued to harass her. She still had not contacted police. And then Keceski decided the game was to end.

After Gabriella's brother and his wife had left for work, Keceski broke into their home. Gabriella tried to run through a back door, but Keceski smashed a hole in the security screen door and caught her.

Keceski claims he had planned to suicide and wanted to deliver a letter to Gabriella. He then says he was forced to defend himself when she attacked him with a glass decanter and stabbed him with a knife.

Grabriella was found to have been struck about 12 times about the head with the decanter. Each blow fractured her skull and would have been sufficient to kill her. Grabriella had also been stabbed with a knife.

After leaving the house Keceski drove to the nearby town of Woy Woy and walked into bushland. He stabbed himself in the stomach and left a suicide note in the car with the decanter. A police helicopter spotted him, and he was hospitalised.

Later, police searching Gabriella's belongings found contact numbers for women's refuges and legal aid centres.

She had also written: "How can I defend myself against this man?"

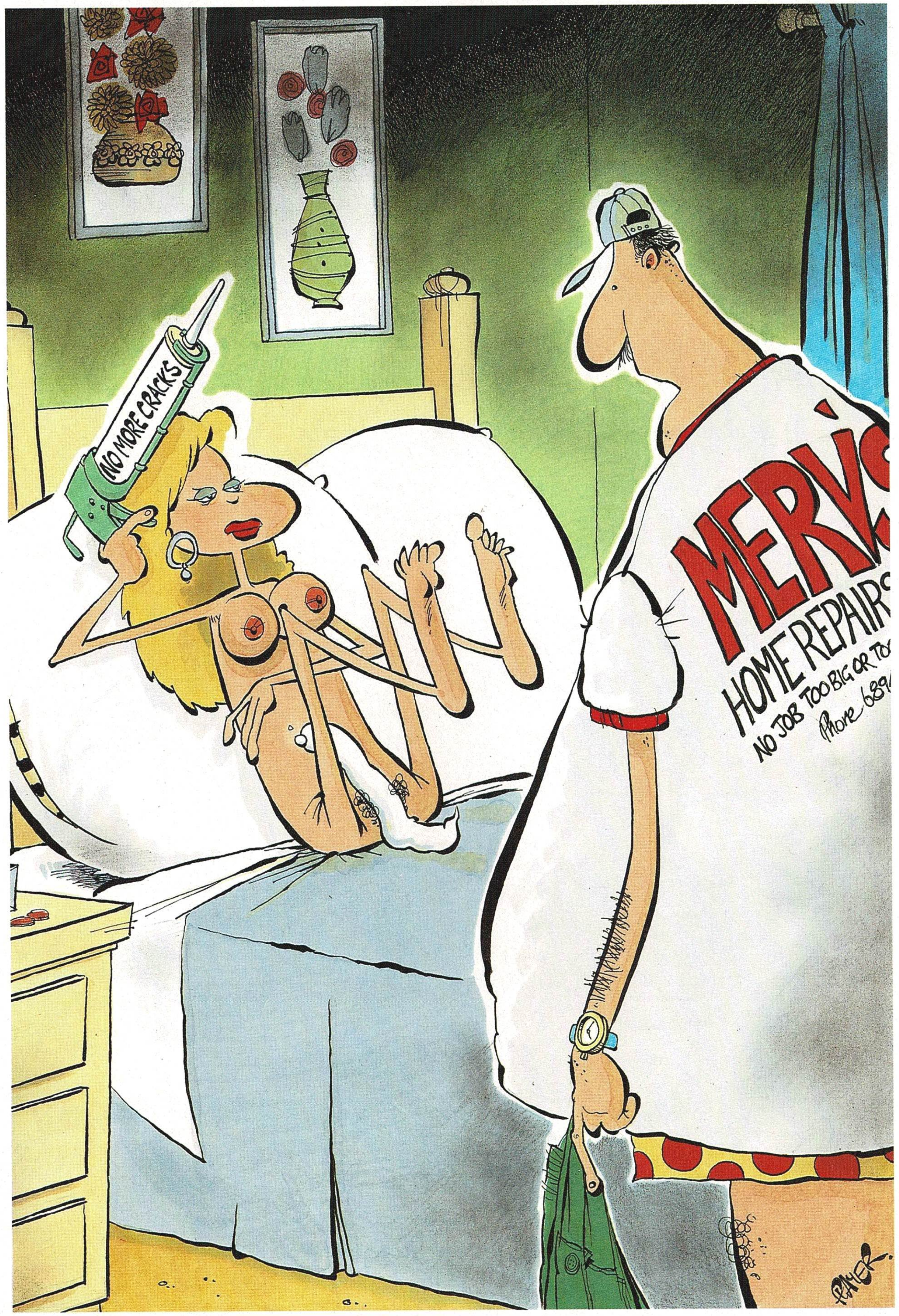
Keceski was convicted of manslaughter by a judge sitting alone. Although the charge was murder, Justice Newman accepted psychiatric evidence that Keceski had been depressed and his responsibility diminished. He's due for release in 2002.

Penny Bean sits and considers the release of Tony Aliano in 1995. It's that looming prospect which has persuaded her to speak out now.

That and the frustration of seeing history repeat itself through inefficiencies in the law.

Continued on page 96

MARK LYNCH
SO DID YOU ASK HIM THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE?



"...not in the mood tonight... eh, dear?"

Inherent FORTUNE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON SPARKS

When she turned 25, Elena Baskin inherited enough money to last her the rest of her days. At that point she decided to live a life that most people could only dream about. The blue-eyed 33-26-33 stunner spends six months of the year travelling and the other six months studying courses at university.

"I'm lucky enough to be able to study only what I find interesting. I don't have to worry about getting a job with my degree so the whole experience is so much more pleasurable and free of stress." Elena's eyes twinkle when she says, "At uni, I also get to meet lots of younger men. What can I say? I like them young. Young men are so much more enthusiastic and willing to learn." When recalling her most memorable sexual encounter,

Elena won't give too much away except to say that it took place with a 19-year-old virgin in the deserted philosophy section of the university library late one night. When Elena's not studying she can be found chasing the best powder on the globe on her annual ski holiday. "Skiing is a great way to keep fit and it helps me to keep my body looking the way it does. Besides there's something about warm cognac on a snowy evening that brings out the devil in me."

BY PAUL WILSON*

PHOTO BY IMAGE BANK / EWASKO

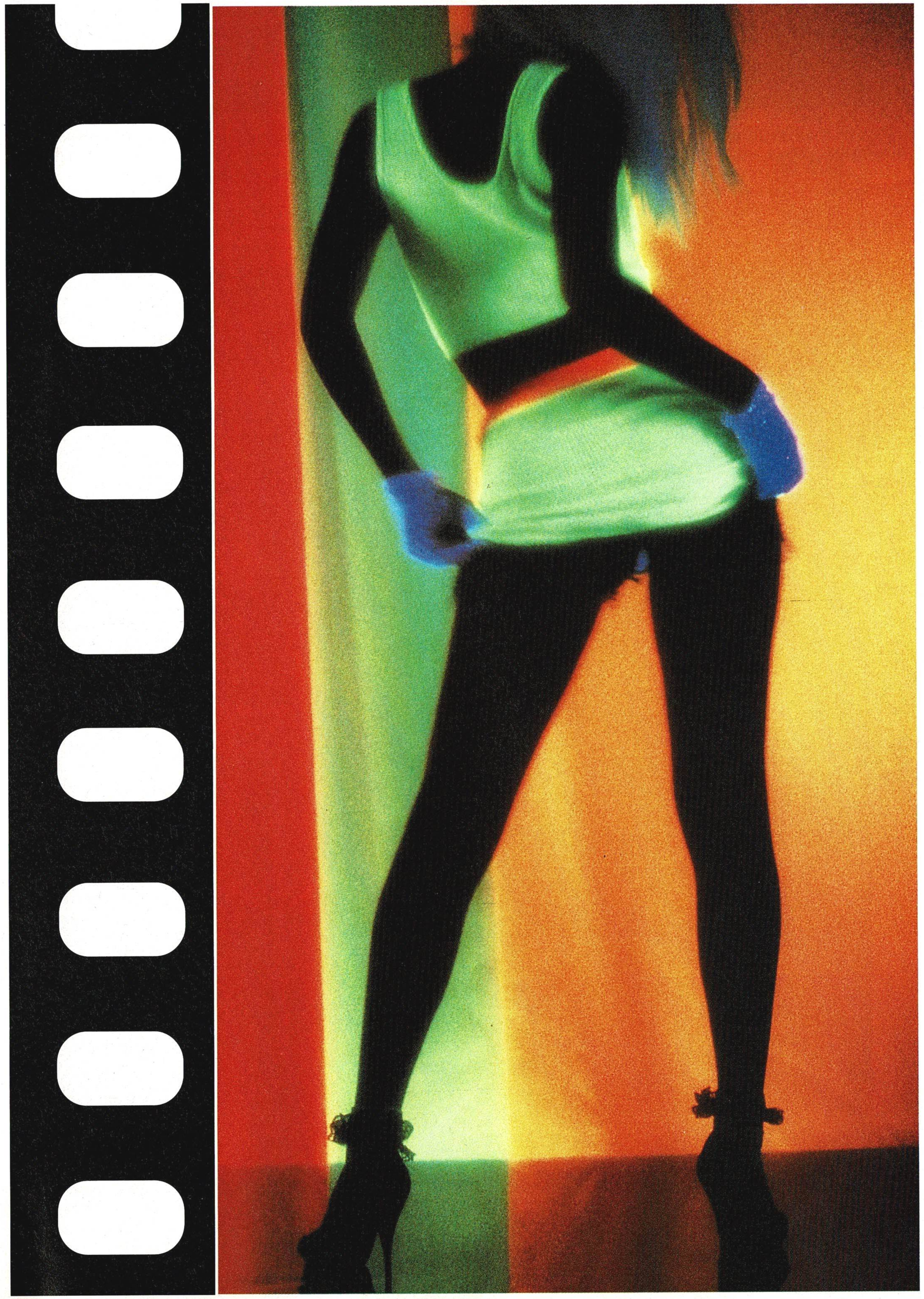
Sex, lies and STATISTICS

Connecting erotica with crime makes as much sense as linking alcoholism with milk

Toshiki, a Professor of English at a large Tokyo university, is a friend of mine. He is a gentle, quiet man who is happily married with two young children. Twice a week, on his way home from work, he stops at his local grocery store and rents a highly erotic, X-rated video.

The videos are called *Ecstasy at Midnight* or *Penetration Parties* or even *Entering the Dragon Lady*.

Regardless of the title, they are all usually raunchy, explicit and very sexy. When he arrives home he tells his wife that he is going to relax by watching what he has rented. She wishes him happy viewing, makes sure that the kids don't get in the way and carries on cooking the evening meal.



*PAUL WILSON IS A WRITER AND CRIMINOLOGIST

"It makes me feel calm and happy watching these movies," he told me. "My wife always tells me that I am a better husband and father after I have watched some good sex."

Toshiki is not unique among his countrymen in his regular use of highly erotic videos. In fact, Japanese men are probably the world's greatest consumers of both video and printed porn. There are literally warehouses of erotic magazines and films to choose from. Some estimates suggest that approximately 15,000 X-rated videos are released each year, although many of these are spliced from existing videos or are home-made productions.

What is most remarkable about all of this is not so much that erotic material is legally on sale in Japan, but more that this "pornography" is available nearly everywhere in that country's largest city. You can get it, not only, as my friend Toshiki does, from your corner store but also from vending machines, general video stores and 24-hour convenience shops. Japan swims in a sea of celluloid and print bodies which are blissfully exploring every conceivable form of copulation. The country is a sexual voyeur's delight.

Yet with all this erotica — okay, call it pornography if you want to — Japan is undoubtedly the most crime-free country in the industrialised world .

Another Japanese academic and professional colleague of mine, criminologist Dr Minoru Yokoyama, has just completed a study of her country's crime rate since the end of the Second World War.

On a population basis, Australia has a rate of crime at least three times as large as that of Japan. Remarkably, juvenile crime in Dr Yokoyama's country appears to be decreasing since the end of the war. Yet in Australia, in common with most other industrialised countries, youthful crime is skyrocketing.

The advent of pornography in Japan is a relatively recent phenomenon. Sure, erotic comics and films were around in the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s. But when the video recorder became universally popular in Japan, pornography really boomed.

Dr Yokoyama's crime statistics show that juvenile rape rates have fallen dramatically since the war ended. In 1964 there were 4,242 cases of rape where the offender was a juvenile known to the police. In 1981 the figure had fallen to 1,027 and by 1990 the official statistics showed only 348 cases — in a country of 130 million people!

Those who choose to believe that there is a relationship between pornography and crime may try and argue that Japan is a unique case. After all, they may say, Japan still has intact family structures and its people have a tradition of obeying authority.

Even if we assume that these unique cultural factors exist (and many would dispute the fact that in the 1990s Japanese youth do unquestionably obey authority) the real-life experience of crime in this Asian country demonstrates the falseness of the argument which states that the widespread use of sexually explicit material leads to rape and violence.

More relevant, is the fact that there are a number of European countries without the unique cultural characteristics that the Japanese are assumed to possess which demonstrate the flaws in the "porn leads to crime" argument. Fortunately, liberal censorship laws in these countries have been the subject of intensive and non-partisan research. The results of this research makes a mockery of those Australian moral campaigners who use false and misleading "facts" to pressure governments into imposing even more censorship Downunder.

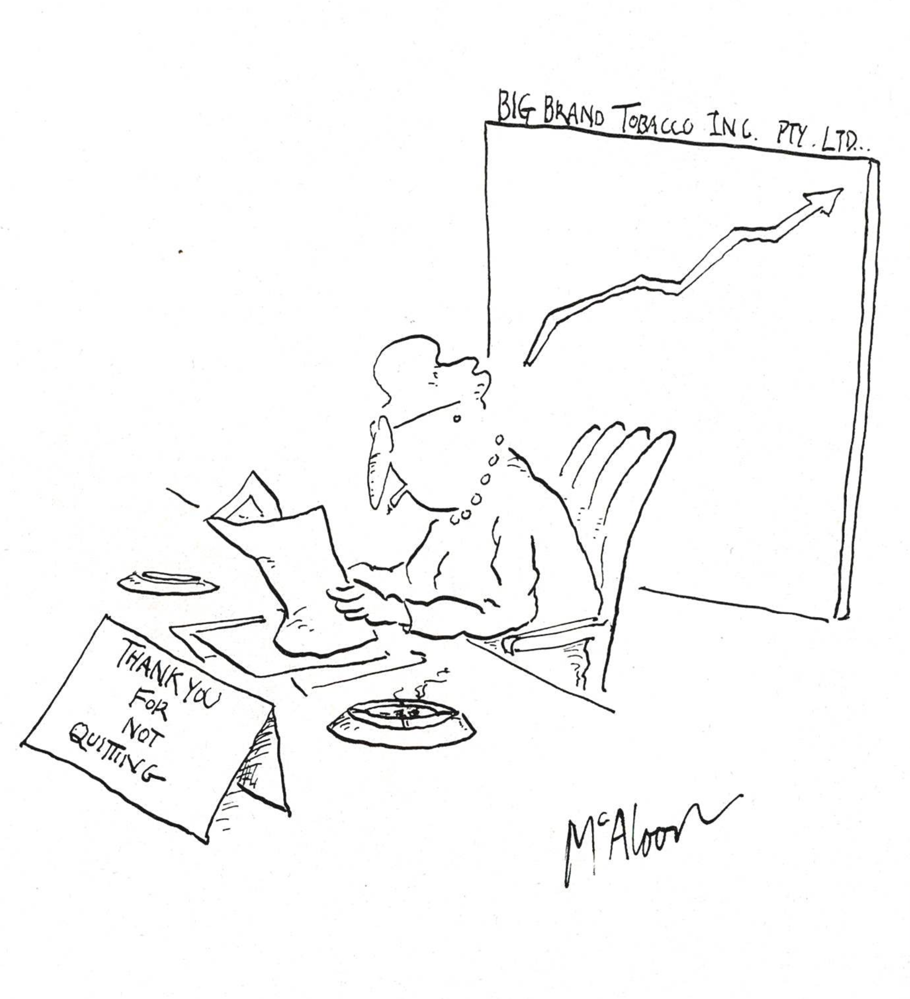
Denmark is a classic example of a nation that has liberal policies towards sexually explicit material. Studies have clearly shown that as a result of these policies, sexual crimes have not increased.

In Denmark, there have been two distinct phases in the contemporary pornography era. In the first, between 1962 and 1968, publishers produced more than 5.3 million erotic books which averaged out at about one book per inhabitant. Indeed, surveys showed that seven out of ten adults in the country had read at least one pornographic book.

In the second phase, from about 1967 to the mid-1970s, pornographic magazines began appearing filled with graphic, sexually explicit pictures. These magazines usually depicted adult sexual contacts, although a few publications circulated showing animals, children and other bizarre forms of sexual behaviour. Although all forms of pornography were legal from 1969 onward, the Danish parliament decided to ban child pornography in 1980 and such bans are in force today.

What is interesting about this second "pictorial" wave of pornography is that most Danes appear to be clearly fascinated by visual sex. Surveys carried out in Copenhagen showed that 88 percent of men and 73 percent of women had seen at least one sexually explicit magazine.

Those who believe that a massive exposure of sexually explicit images to an entire population would lead to mayhem, social disintegration and crime, have an ideal test case in the Danish situation. But what the studies of this unique


BIG BRAND TOBACCO INC. PTY. LTD.
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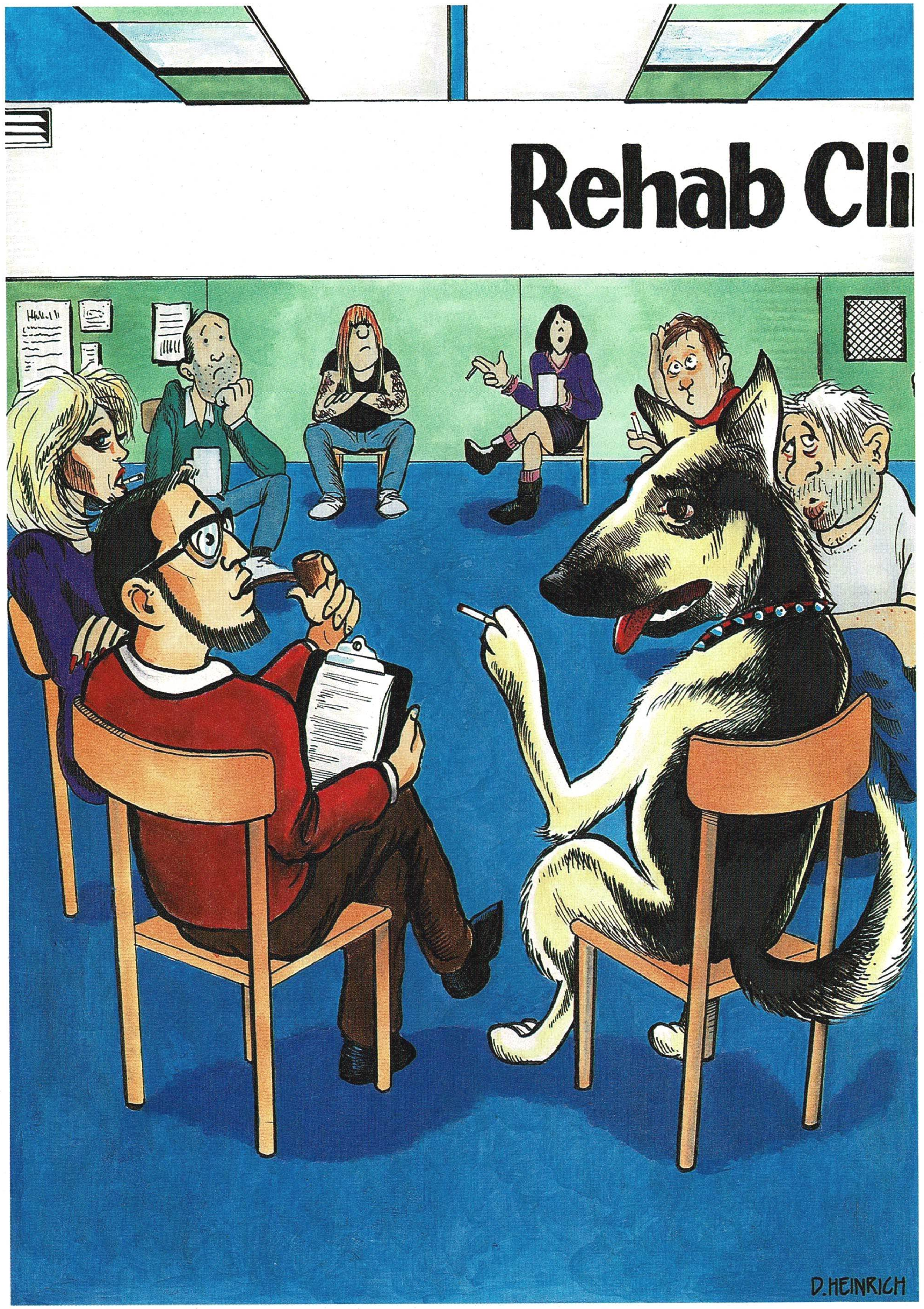


"Well... sniff... I think... sniff... It all started when I was at Airport customs..."

experiment in pornography show is that none of these adverse events occurred.

Professor Beryl Kutchinsky from the Institute of Criminology at the University of Copenhagen conducted the first study on the effects of the new liberal Danish pornography laws. What he found was that between 1959 and 1970 — the period when a great flood of sexually explicit material appeared in Denmark — sex crimes actually decreased.

Kutchinsky explored possible explanations for this decrease. Was it because the police became less willing to investigate sex crimes? Were people less willing to report such crimes?

Though changes in police practices and the public reportability of sex crimes could account for some of the decrease, they could not account for the full extent of the lower rate. Indeed, the only conclusion Kutchinsky could come to was that at best, the new liberal laws had actually lowered the rate, while at worst the influx of sexually explicit material had not affected the rate of sex crimes one way or the other.

Despite desperate attempts to discredit Kutchinsky's findings by those who support a pro-censorship position, the Professor's research has stood the test of independent commissions such as the British Williams Inquiry of 1979 into Obscenity and Film Censorship, and of scientific reviews of the effects of pornography. Indeed, as well as accepting the Kutchinsky findings for Denmark, the British Inquiry concluded that the same situation existed in Britain.

"We unhesitatingly reject the suggestion that the available statistical information for England and Wales," the inquiry reported, "lends any support to the argument that pornography acts as a stimulus to the commission of sexual violence."

But back to Kutchinsky and the crime and pornography link in Denmark. The Professor has continued to monitor Danish pornography laws and their effects on rape and other crimes. In his most recent study he has looked at rates of rape from the end of the pornography boom in 1970 to the present day.

What he has found is that it was only in the late 1970s that rape began to increase in his country. However, during the same period there was an increase in many other crimes, including a great number of non-sexual crimes. Interestingly, most non-violent sex crimes, like exhibitionism, decreased over this period.

Now it would take a vivid imagination to explain the increase in not only rape but also other forms of crime (assault, burglary, motor-car theft, etc) as being due to the availability of sexually explicit material. Kutchinsky correctly points out that it was undoubtedly not pornography but general social and economic conditions that lead to an increase in crime generally.

Not content with these findings, however, Kutchinsky decided to look at rates of rape specifically, and crime generally, in two other countries which had liberal laws relating to erotic material. In Sweden, where pornography was also legalised and became abundantly available at the same time as Denmark, he found the same results. Pornography was simply not responsible for a rise in sex crimes.

In former West Germany, however, the findings were even more dramatic. The criminologist looked at rates of rape from the time when pornography was first legalised in 1973 to the beginning of 1990. He found that rape did not increase — on the contrary, it actually decreased during this period.

Although all forms of rape are traumatic and serious, the most violent and horrific forms of sexual assault in West Germany decreased dramatically. For example, since pornography was first legalised in the early 1970s, rape by strangers reduced by one-third while gang rape decreased massively by more than two-thirds.

Ever-cautious, Kutchinsky is not prepared to boldly state that the legalisation of pornography caused a reduction in the rate of serious sexual assault cases in West Germany. What he is prepared to state categorically, though, is that these developments as well as the Danish and Swedish experiences, "leave hardly any doubt that pornography does not cause rape."

Since the Kutchinsky study, Sweden and West Germany have changed their political and ideological directions. Both countries suffer serious social and economic problems, but to blame any of these developments on liberal pornography laws flies in the face of historical reality.

None of Kutchinsky's results should come as a surprise to Australians. There is absolutely no relationship at all between State censorship laws and sexual crime rates. A comparison between the rate of sexual assault in the ACT and in Queensland strongly underlines this point.

In Canberra, successive Federal and Territory governments have adopted fairly permissive censorship laws. X-rated videos, for example, are legally available over the counter in many adult erotic and video shops. Over the last ten years reported rape rates have averaged out at about 3.5 per 100,000 population.

During the Bjelke-Petersen regime and then under Wayne Goss,

Continued on page 104

DOESN'T SEEM TOO DEEP!
MARK LYNCH

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

WALKER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANTHONY RUSSELL

THIS WAY

With her stunning 35-24-35 body and her sparkling blue eyes, it's no surprise that beautiful Joanne Walker was whisked away from her native London to the bright lights and glamour of international modelling in New York.

Joanne is a spiritual person who says that insensitive men who are materialistic are the ultimate turn-off. While she enjoys weight-training and aerobics, you will often find her curled up with a book that explores the spiritual quest of the human being.

Joanne says she likes to experience other cultures and has travelled through the East to places like Hong Kong, India and Dubai, but says that Australia is the place that she would most like to settle down in.

"I love the sunshine here and the outdoor lifestyle. People here have gardens and I really like that. It's so different from anywhere else I've seen and the people are so friendly — the men especially and I really like the Australian sense of humour. Australia is a very spiritual place where you can find yourself by going to the mountains, the desert or the sea."

Joanne says that she likes men who are dark and foreign looking, especially ones who keep themselves fit and healthy and look tanned. As far as sexual turn-offs go Joanne is not one for aggression, pain and violence. In fact, she goes for the quite the opposite. "I like romance and soft kisses. I also really enjoy dancing for my lover." When recalling her favourite sexual memory, Joanne says she once made love in the pouring rain, in the middle of thunder and lightning, on the bandstand of London's Hyde Park.

Joanne confides that when it comes to her favourite sexual fantasy, she pictures herself making love in the back of a long black limo going at 100km/h across Australia. When asked why she chose to appear in *Penthouse*, she replied, "I feel the pictures in the magazine are beautiful and are not degrading towards women, it's actually liberation."

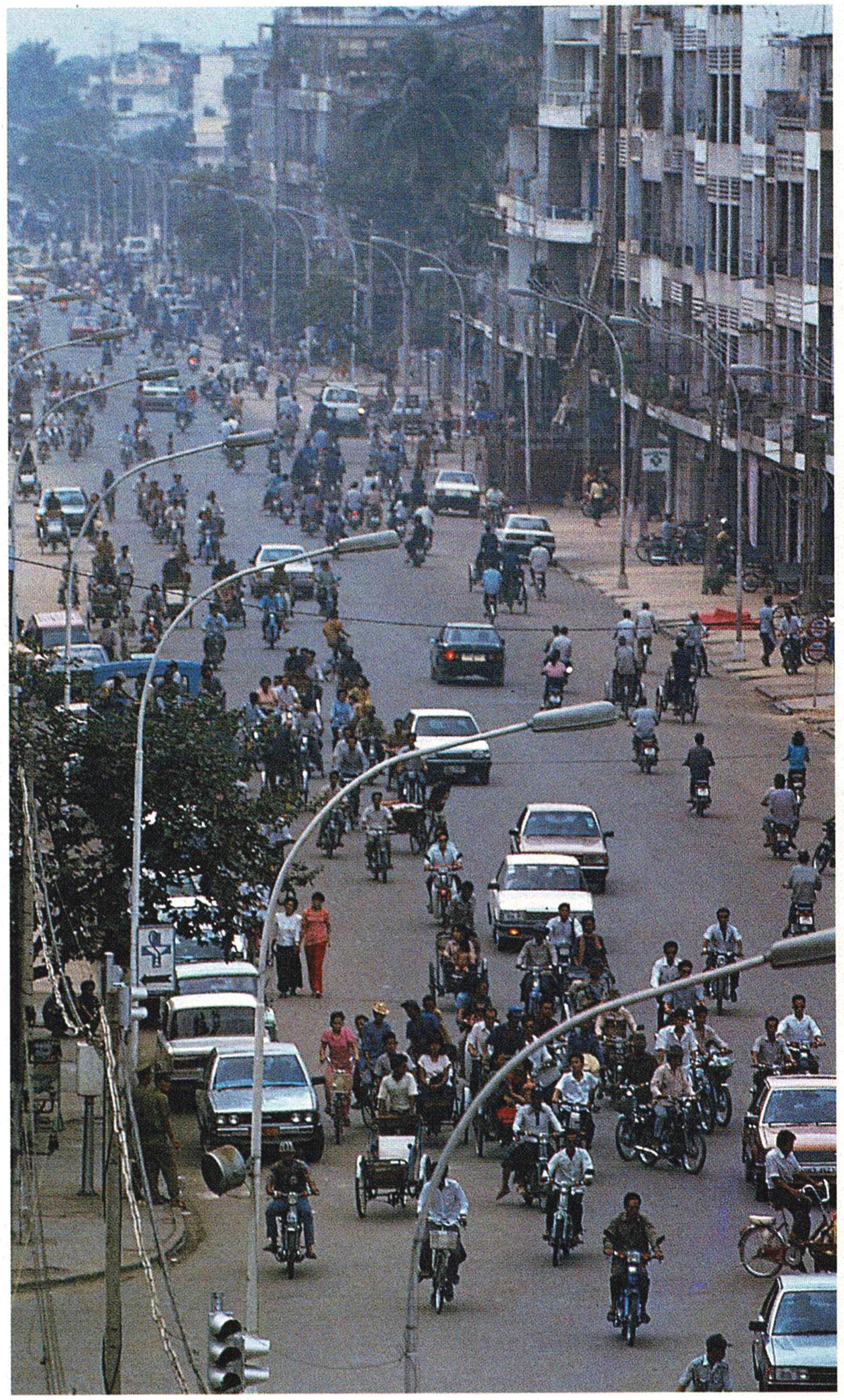
BY CHRIS PRITCHARD
PHOTOS BY AUSTRAL/SYGMA

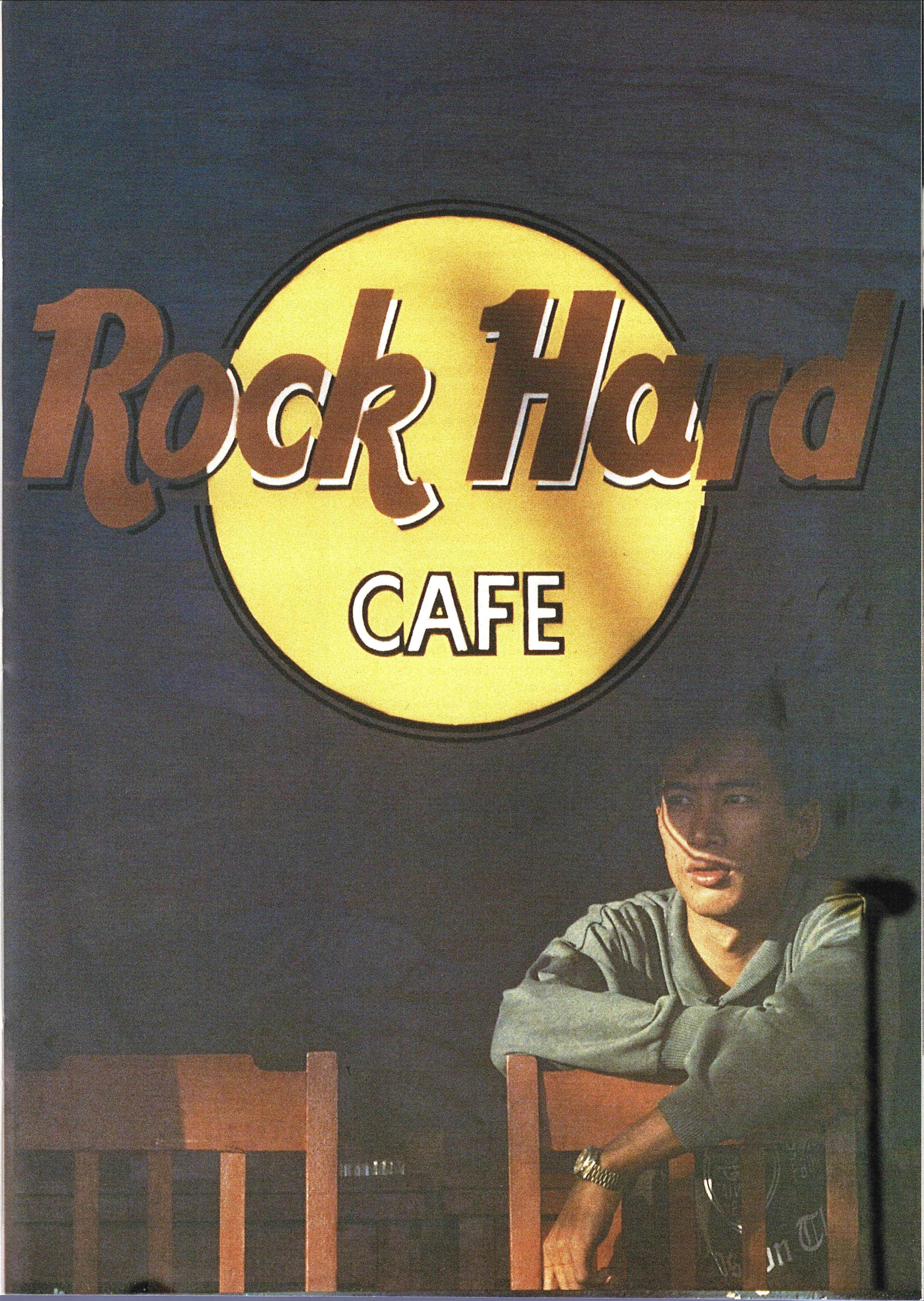
CLUB CAMBODIA

While armed conflict continues around them, foreigners in Cambodia party on

Closing time at the Rock Hard Cafe. Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians and Germans lurch outside to pay five-dollar deposits to cyclo (pedicab) riders whose rusting vehicles are then commandeered for a drunken pedal-powered Grand Prix along the potholed darkness of Quai Karl Marx.

The Cambodians stare at their US dollars, shake their heads at their good fortune and the crazy foreigners' foolishness. Moments later they begin to panic because the disoriented multinational mob is slow to return the three-wheelers that are their livelihood.





Cambodia

It's been another typical Wednesday Tex/Mex night at Phnom Penh's Rock Hard Cafe. Its name and logo shamelessly ripped off from the international chain and its owners ecstatic because they recouped their entire investment of $80,000 in seven weeks. Inside, The floor is littered with burst condoms and vomit.

Several Aussies chucked up, some Canadians blew up condoms until they burst and a couple of Germans slipped into a beer-induced drooling slumber that, for a while, looked terminal.

The Bulgarians are better behaved. They refuse to leave at closing time, choosing to stay behind to help the staff clean up. They do so by standing on chairs and blasting away at the debris on the floor with strong jets of urine. It is difficult to censure the Bulgarians in the face of such community-mindedness.

And what a community it is! Twenty two thousand people from more than a 100 countries are working for UNTAC; the United Nations Transitional Authority in Cambodia, where UNTAC has a 16,000-strong military peace-keeping force. The Authority's brief was to ensure peace and stability in the run-up to elections while the Pol Pot-lead Khmer Rouge, which was responsible for butchering over a million of Cambodia's six million people during its 1975-79 rule, plays games with the Blue Berets.

Other formerly warring factions like Prince Norodom Sihanouk's and the current Hun Sen government are co-operating with UNTAC. But the Khmer Rouge manipulate, making new demands in exchange for co-operation and inciting anti-Vietnamese racism among the population.

Some analysts suggest that the Vietnamese, who humiliated the Khmer Rouge when they drove them from power in the late 1970s, should be hired to clear them from the country — a bloody but cheaper alternative to the billion-dollar UNTAC exercise. This suggestion is not put seriously however, as global political realities would not allow it.

Aside from UNTAC, there are an estimated 15,000 other foreign newcomers: aid agency representatives (you can recognise them by their gleaming four-wheel drives), staff from companies selling services to the UN and carpetbaggers from around the world.

All this has sparked furious construction development. In the western city of Battambang there was one hotel in late 1991. Now there are 14 and more to come. The picture is much the same in the capital Phnom Penh and across the country.

The newcomers' needs must be catered for. The foreigners, it seems, have insatiable thirsts: Cambodia is awash in bars.

Nightclubs, too. Massage parlours are mushrooming. Fast-buck operators from Thailand, Malaysia and elsewhere are finding a niche and exploiting it. The UN types, mostly on US$145-a-day allowances atop salaries paid in their homelands, often don't bother with the local currency, the riel (2100 riel to the US$1). They spend dollars which quickly leave Cambodia. If you open the right business in Cambodia, it can be a licence to print money.

Not that any licences are necessary. The Hun Sen government is only a skeleton and UNTAC (laid over the top like a colonial administration) isn't interested in such matters. All this spending by UNTAC and its personnel has driven up prices, putting many staple items out of the reach of ordinary citizens. Some Cambodians say the only legacy UNTAC will leave is hyper-inflation.

But these are Cambodian problems. The UNTAC folks, meanwhile, party like there's no tomorrow. Sure there's inflation, but if you're on the UN payroll life is still laughably cheap.

There's far more beer spilled here than blood. They don't call 'em the "UN piss-keeping" force for nothing. A can of Fosters costs a buck. A bottle of Beck's costs the same. You can't get them for that price back in Australia or Germany.

Whatever they say in their postcards home, the truth is that UNTAC's Aussies, and the other foreign contingents, are having a whale of a time in Cambodia. The intrepid UN force bravely faces twin perils: cirrhosis of the liver and the clap. (AIDS isn't yet as big a risk as it is in neighbouring Thailand).

Alas, a cold-climate scourge has arrived in steamy Cambodia to dampen the boys' fun; feminism. At the behest of frumps from foreign lands who are found — as most everywhere else — in the UNTAC civilian administration, an order recently went out that UN vehicles were no longer to be parked outside whorehouses or bars of ill-repute. This was an inconvenience not only for the UNTAC lads, who had to park down the street until the heat died down, but also for new arrivals who quickly learn that Phnom Penh's hottest after-hours fun spots can easily be rated by the number of white Toyota Land Cruisers parked outside.

For many, it's a problem keeping busy during on-duty hours. One recent Friday at ten in the morning, I spotted a British officer, a military observer, seated at a hotel bar drinking hot tea and munching a jam-filled croissant. "I suppose," he brayed to a countryman, "we'd better go off after this and see about your leave. Then we'll get together with the others and have a chat about where to have lunch." Life's hell at the front.

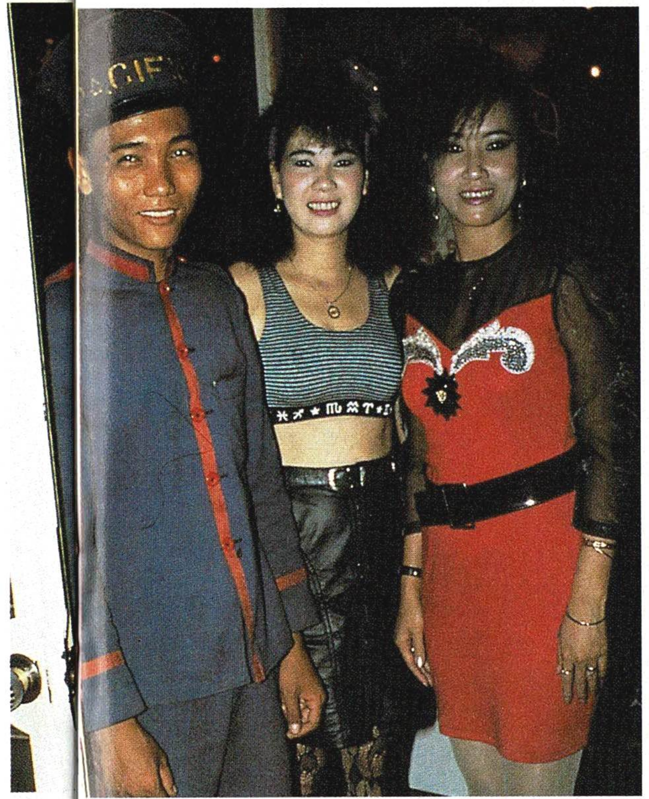
I ride a UNTAC chopper, a Russian-crewed M-19, to the northern provincial town of Siem Reap. The pilot tells me that the Minefield, run by a moody New Zealander, is the place to go.

An off-duty Australian soldier echoes the Russian's advice. "The Minefield, mate. It's the best place. Everybody goes there. They've got a whole bunch of Kevin Bloody Wilson tapes. It's the only place worth going."

"There's far more beer spilt here than blood. They don't call them the 'UN piss-keeping' force for nothing..."

I decide to seek solid sustenance first. At the Samapheap Restaurant six foreigners are quaffing VB, wolfing noodles and trying to ignore the amputee beggars who visit each group of diners and stand impassively — making circular motions over their bellies and repeating the word "yum-yum" as they point to a table groaning with food and drink. "You can't give to them all," mumbles one of the soldiers, but it's clear they are weakening.

Their defeat comes a few minutes later when the most persistent of the beggars puts all that is left of his leg on the table, using his scab-crusted stump to shift aside boiled rice, noodle soup and an empty VB can. The stump remains on the table for a couple of minutes, barely moving. This is Cambodia, amputation capital of the world, thanks to Khmer Rouge mines. The restaurant patrons reach into their pockets and give him 500 riel each. The amputee smiles, whispers "aw kiln" (thank you) and moves off, having netted an impressive $1.50 from one table. The diners, now no longer hungry, pay their bill and stroll off toward the callously named Minefield bar.



Given lasting peace, droves of tourists will visit Siem Reap to see one of the world's most awe-inspiring wonders: the ancient temples of Angkor. But for the moment most visitors are from the ranks of UNTAC and many of them prefer a more modern ruin: the cheaply-knocked-together Minefield.

You can hear the open-sided rough-hewn Minefield before you see it. Tonight the music is Australian and the lyrics carry down the street, guiding customers toward Siem Reap's most notorious bar: "Up Ya Fuckin' Arse ... Up Ya Fuckin' Arse." The bargirls aren't Cambodia's prettiest. Spotty and scruffy, they mostly don't speak much English either. But they mime along mindlessly to the cheerful ditty: "Up Ya Fuckin' Arse... Up Ya Fuckin' Arse... Up Ya Fuckin Arse."

This catchy refrain is played over and over and over again until all resistance has been vanquished. In the end, even the Germans are singing "Up Ya Fuckin' Arse", except for the largest who is sulking after pulling up the leg of his shorts to show a small dick to a less-than-impressed barmaid who begins to giggle. He'd stupidly picked one of the few English-speakers and she goes around disclosing to any drinker prepared — or still able — to listen, just how minute his member is.

SALINA
THẨM MỸ VIỆN SALINA
Tiger
555
STATE EXPRESS
Lounge
UNI
JVC

The youngest barmaid, reputedly only 14 but the most aggressive hustler in the place, hobbles over to the miserable hulk in her unfamiliar high heels and soon the twosome are in deep and meaningful negotiations. Two beers later, he stumbles off into the night, with his new friend in tow.

The tattooed New Zealander looks after the customers. His wife, a curvaceous Thai in a short black evening dress, supervises the girls — regularly reminding them that their job is to persuade the soldiers to buy them drinks. The barkeeper says he's here only because "it's a bloody gold mine." Stuffing dollar bills into his pocket as he sells an armload of beer, he boasts he sells no spirits and no food — and only three brands of beer. "I keep it simple," he explains. The future? "Mine is tied to UNTAC. When the soldiers fuck off, I'll fuck off. Open a bar in Laos or something."

By midnight the New Zealander pronounces it a quiet night. It's not always like this. One night the French and the Aussies brawled because of the Aussies' refusal to replace Kevin Bloody Wilson with French pop on the sound system. And one night the Tunisians and the Aussies nearly came to blows because of the Aussies' refusal to replace Kevin Bloody Wilson with Arabic love songs.

Outside, mosquitoes dart over two deep pools of stagnant green water, each of them a popular urinal. The pool closest to the Minefield's front door is called the Polish Swimming Pool because a Polish captain dived in fully-clothed one night and began to swim through the stinking liquid. The other is known as the Irish parking lot because a soldier from Ireland drove his Land Cruiser into it — causing the regulars to abandon their beers and leap in, wallowing in slime until the vehicle was pushed free. They needed a beer after that.

By day, backpackers — their adrenalin pumping at the excitement of being in Cambodia — breeze into the Minefield to be fed tall stories by an Aussie who says he works on a civilian construction project. He gets a buzz out of listening to backpackers' itineraries and then saying: "You'd be crazy to go there. I was on that road last week and saw a couple of guys blown up by a mine right in front of me. Not a pretty sight."

Wide-eyed, they listen to him and change their plans. Another Russian-piloted M-19 takes me from Siem Reap to Battambang, Cambodia's number-two city located in the country's west. I have an appointment to interview the medical

Cambodia

director, locally-trained Dr Ly Lay. He tells me I'm just in time for an amputation. Perhaps I should come back to talk to him later, I suggest as the good doctor flicks away his cigarette and bids me to follow him.

I assume the room we enter is a scrubbing-up room because we haven't yet scrubbed up, nor have I been asked to don a mask. Groans from an operating table convince me that this is no anteroom. Dr Ly Lay starts sawing off what's left of a young farmer's leg, the consequence of stepping on a mine while rounding up cattle. "Everything is in short supply here," the 38-year-old surgeon tells me. From the patient's groans, I assume adequate anesthetics and pain killers must be near the top of this hospital's wish list.

Two hundred riel buys me a ride on the back of another bike, across the river to the Paradise nightclub. I'm due to meet a senior officer of the Hun Sen government's army next morning but a provincial official recognises me at the bar and tells me the officer is here now. He insists on taking me over to make introductions. It is obviously not the best time to pay one's respects. The colonel and his pals want me to dance with a pimply teenybopper in a red dress. They are bored with her and want to kill a bottle of Black Label in peace. I glimpse the colonel a couple of hours later and notice his head tipped back. A girl — this one in a bright yellow evening number — is pouring mineral water down his throat from a bottle held about an arm's length above his face. But he is on time for our meeting in the morning. We talk military strategy with nary a word about the night before.

Next port of call, in the south of Cambodia, is Sihanoukville — formerly Kompong Som, but which recently reverted to its pre-Khmer Rouge name. A beautiful beach resort that will someday be a major Asian holiday destination, it is 232kms southwest of Phnom Penh on National Route 4 — the country's best road. That doesn't mean much: it still takes four hours to cover the distance.

At roadblocks, ragged and unpaid soldiers — if awake — must be mollified with cash or a few cigarettes. Bandits, formerly the soldiers of various factions, work the highway. They shot dead a passing Hong Kong businessman recently and some incorrect reports on the incident claimed it was a Khmer Rouge attack.

The stories didn't halt regular weekend traffic south to sleepy Sihanoukville. The lure of a few days of ridiculously cheap sex, washed down by cheap beer against the backdrop of a fabulous unpolluted beach is evidently impossible to resist. Sihanoukville has another important landmark, its brewery. The Khmer Rouge smashed most factories but the brewery was left to rust. In November, Malaysian investors got it working again. Now Angkor Beer flows once more, competing against cheap imports.

Head into town from the brewery and Sihanoukville's pride and joy becomes visible: the Hotel Independance. It looks impressive from a distance. Drive closer and discover it's a seven-storey wreck. Beneath what traces are left of the grand ballroom's crystal chandeliers is a one-metre high pile of fly-blown garbage.

Staff carry buckets of water upstairs to fill bathtubs in the few rooms that are in use. There's no running water. I open the closet in my room and several dozen empty Heineken cans tumble out, chased by a startled rat.

> “Here, at least, the women are warm and the beer is cold”

On my way downstairs I meet a fat Bulgarian, an off-duty soldier. He paid $13 a night for his room, $10 for the weekend to the petite, small-breasted girl in flip-flops grasping his left hand (in his right he holds a Heineken) and declares Cambodia, "the closest I'll ever get to paradise." Besides, he adds, "it's winter now in Sofia. Here, at least, the women are warm and the beer is cold but in Bulgaria it's the other way round" — and both are often beyond his native budget.

A word about the Bulgarians: they are beefy and beery, noisy and gregarious characters who are notorious for loving to drink, screw and fight. "Just like the Australians," a Canadian sneered, "except that the Bulgarians wear little white socks with their thongs." The Bulgarians soldiers became briefly notorious when they went on strike for a few days after their money from home didn't arrive on schedule.

Beneath the Independance is a white, sandy beach marked by big red dots alongside small brown dots. The former are sunburned Bulgarians, the latter are their girlfriends.

Increasingly, these girls are Cambodian. Until a year ago, say Phnom Penh nightclub and bar operators, they had to rely on Vietnamese — who still are extremely popular because they're regarded as sexier than their novice Cambodian sisters.

At the Thai Yayor Massage Parlour, for instance, there are 35 Vietnamese masseuses and 25 Cambodian. Each woman working there gets a salary that's astronomical for Cambodia: about $100 a month but no commission. Up to a dozen women a day apply for work. The parlour makes, says an in-the-know source, up to $2000 a day. It cost a Thai and Cambodian Chinese partnership $110,000 to establish.

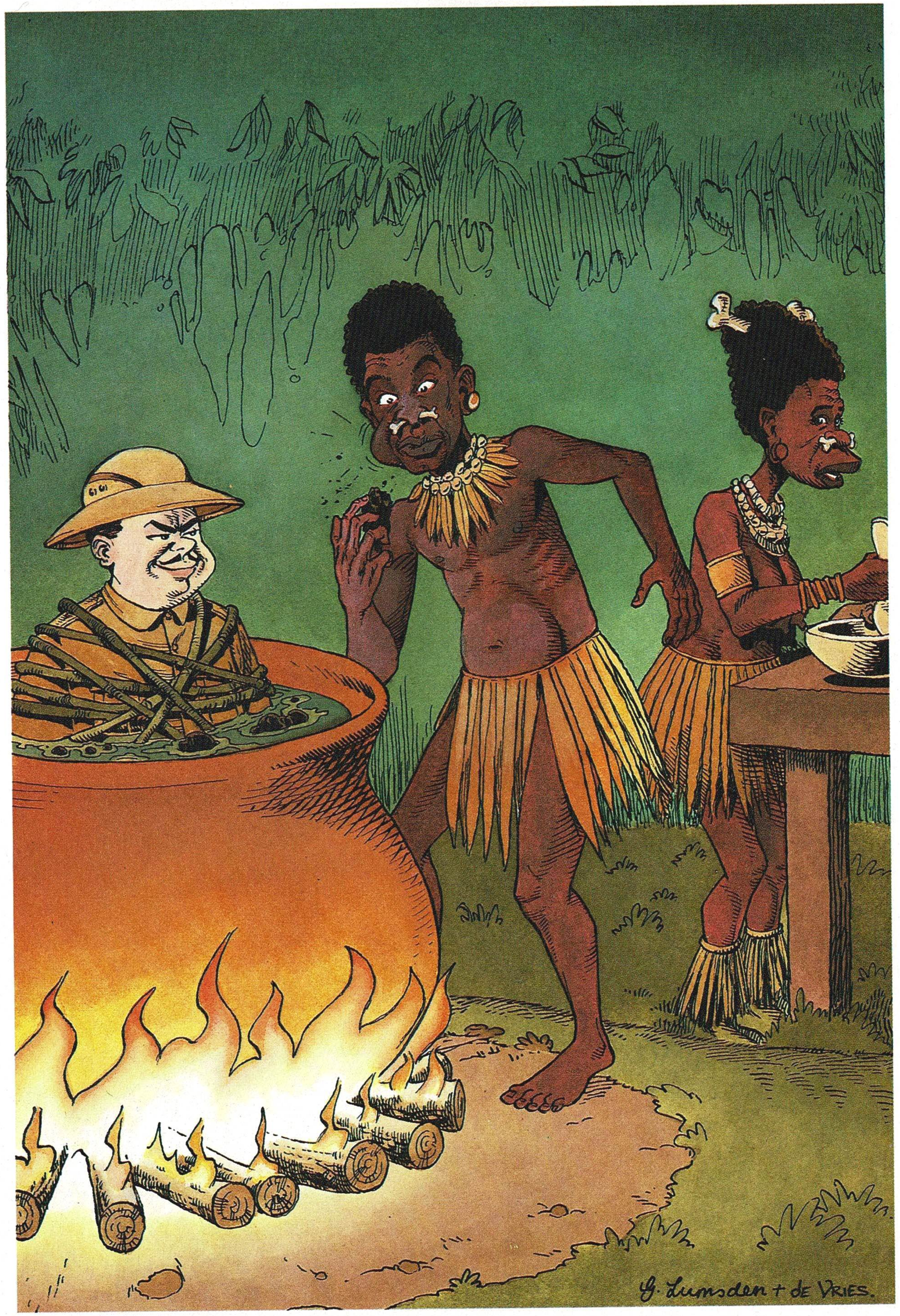
The parlour was known until recently as the Royal Thai Massage Parlour — but the Royal Thai Embassy up the street lodged an official protest about the number of people knocking at its diplomatically-privileged door and asking the price of a one-hour session.

On Achar Mea, Phnom Penh's main drag, is Cambodia's most celebrated honeypot, the Pacific Chai nightclub. There's no cover charge and beer is under two dollars. Dozens of Cambodian and Vietnamese girls in evening dresses, checking their make-up in tiny mirrors, sit in groups at tables. They wait patiently for the mamasan's instruction that they join customers at their tables. Here, too, the lights are turned up now and then so the girls can dance with each other and the customers can decide who they fancy.

Sometimes things get heated at the Pacific Chai. One night I see a Moroccan and a Pole at adjoining tables. Each insists the same girl be brought to his table. An auction ensues, with each improving on the other's offer of a tip to the mamasan who can't believe her luck. Finally, after accepting an unheard-of tip of $20, she delivers a slender, ivory-skinned Vietnamese girl to the Pole's table. The Moroccan gets a free beer and a carefully-chosen lookalike consolation prize.

Back at the Rock Hard it's Tex/Mex night again and no-one's interested in picking anyone up. Which is just as well because there are no unattached girls at the Rock Hard tonight, only foreign UNTAC women with UNTAC boyfriends. Beer and nachos — and jumbo-sized shots of ice-cold Stolichnaya at two dollars a time — disappear at an awesome rate. At closing time, the boys spill past the amputee doorman to negotiate with the cyclo drivers. Some New Zealanders have have issued a challenge and it's time for another pedal-powered drunken Grand Prix down Quai Karl Marx.

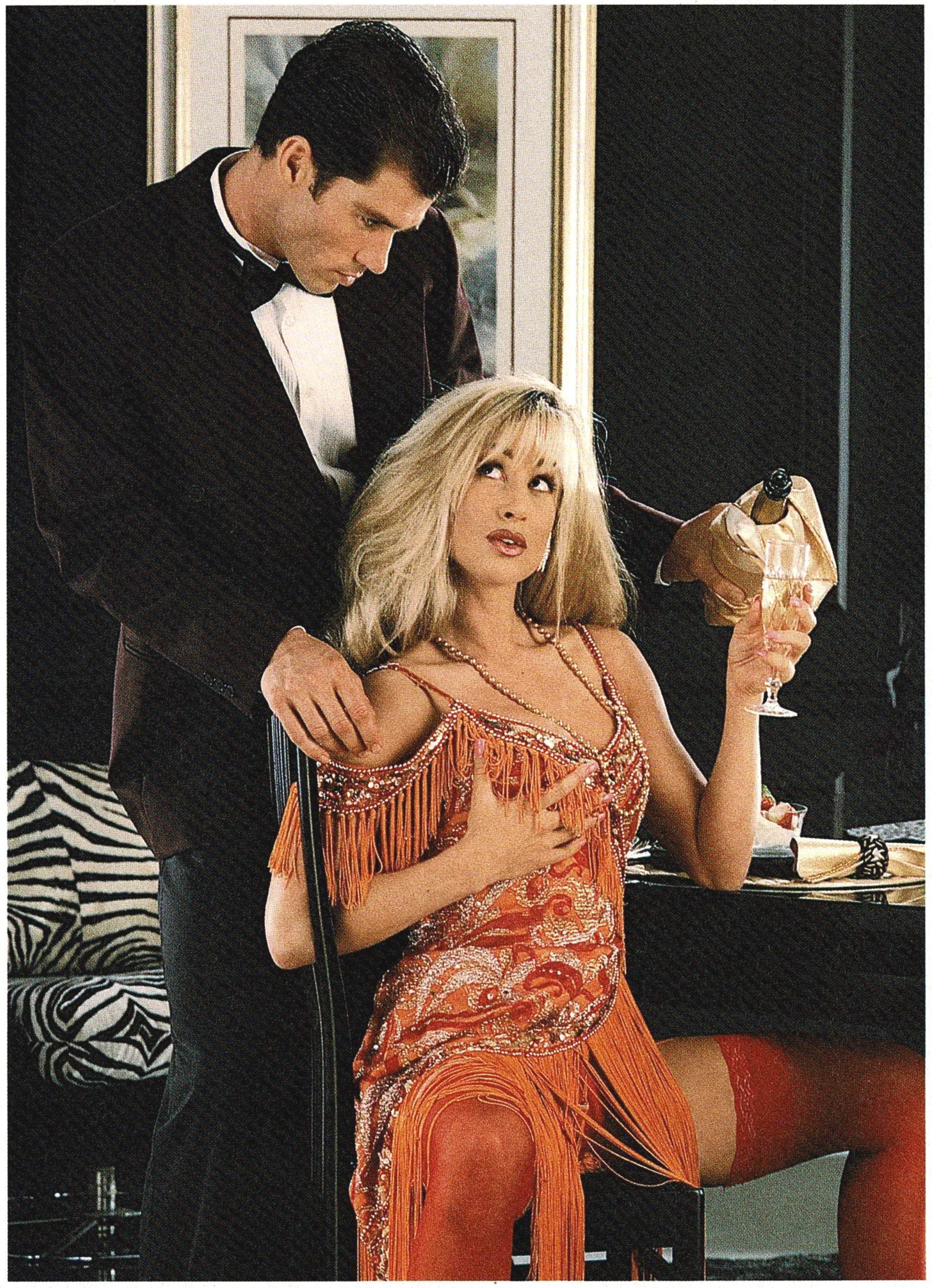
Inside, the place is a mess. The Bulgarians clamber unsteadily onto their chairs, unzip their flies and get ready for clean-up duty once again.


G. Lumsden + de Vries.

"Rissoles? Ah Din put no rissoles in da pot..."

JUSTDESSERTS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL



After months of planning, the charity ball went off without a hitch. The guests loved the buffet, the dancing and the atmosphere and when they all departed Cynthia and Stephen congratulated one another on their success.

Through all those months of planning, the pair harboured secret lustful thoughts about one another but were afraid of jeopardising their efficient working relationship. But tonight, something changed.

Together they stepped over an unspoken line of consent and released themselves into the fantasy they'd both been safeguarding. Stephen made the first move and with the aid of whipped cream and champagne, Cynthia found him irresistible.

Stephen ran his hands over Cynthia's entire body and she responded in kind, surprising him with the ferocity of her passion. They turned one another's bodies into feasts of delight as they slowly built up their lust into a feeding frenzy.

Stephen and Cynthia gave each other pleasure in every way imaginable. They used their hands, tongues and fingertips before effortlessly slipping into the shared, soaring intensity of making love.

SWEATING IT OUT

A funny thing happened on the way to Jimmy Barnes' new album, Heat. Determined to embrace and incorporate the rangy rhythm 'n' blues that was occupying so much of his listening time, he took a small detour. It wasn't far, just down one flight of stairs in his Bowral home to a small, adequate studio where he and the musicians he has been working with for the past six years whipped through a stack of old sweet soul favourites. It was a hoot, it was a purgative, it was the biggest surprise of his career.

Jimmy Barnes is back on the boil

BY GLENN A. BAKER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB KING

Soul Deep, recorded in a couple of weeks or less during the Christmas holidays for not much more than beer and tape money, has sold over 600,000 copies, making it Jimmy's *numero uno* recording.

With the sales came a new Middle Australian perception of the incumbent rock king. Not only was he dishing up some of their stone favourites like "River Deep Mountain High" and "Higher And Higher", he was on their television sets duetting furiously with the beloved John Farnham, and his greased grooming and slick suits reminded them of the young Johnny O'Keefe.

This was the Jimmy Barnes that you didn't have to be an original Cold Chisel fan to appreciate; the melodic, accessible, comfortable Jimmy Barnes.

It was a breakthrough, to be sure. It was also the jaws of a very lethal trap. For what profiteth it a man if he gains unprecedented royalties and ruins the remainder of his career?

Manager and record company boss Michael Gudinski understood this, and as the *Soul Deep* phenomena grew he was as intent on reigning in a runaway persona as hiking up the sales.

"I think you are going to find that so many of his fans are going to go 'Oh boy, thank God' now that he is back in jeans and long hair," he admits. "We got a whole new audience sure, but at the same time we probably lost some of the old one."

"Yeah, I'm normal again now," says Barnes, with a tone of unmistakable relief. "It was all done as a throw-away thing, a tribute to my roots or something like that. It brought in a whole bunch of people who wouldn't have listened to me before and let them see what I could do; which was great because by the end of the *Soul Deep* shows we were rocking pretty hard. But I'm glad it's all over because I hated having my hair slicked back every night. The lights used to melt the stuff and it would run into my eyes so that I thought I was going blind on stage!

"Probably the best thing about it is that it gave me a break from writing two albums in a row. I had a longer period than I expected to get *Heat* worked out and by the time I got into the studio I had about 45 strong songs to work from."

The grease may be back in the bathroom cabinet and the suits back on the hook, but Jimmy has not entirely left behind *Soul Deep*. In fact it will permeate the remainder of his recording life. "You know I don't like recording, but with *Soul Deep* and now with *Heat*, I really consistently enjoyed myself in the studio. I had a great time in fact. It was labour, or a leisure of love. It was because a lot of soul stuff is absolute simplicity in arrangement leaving lots of room, lots of big holes, for singing. Soul lets you open up emotionally and that was something I was striving for on *Two Fires* but without realising how important the holes and the melody were.

"What I finally realised I had to do was take what I'd learned from *Soul Deep* and apply it to what I was already doing, which was rock 'n' roll. What's come out of that is very raw; it's probably more along the lines of heavy funk, sort of the Sly & The Family Stone side rather than the Motown side. The mood is very important — every night in the studio we'd put on a record before we'd start. It just seemed so natural to go into a grungy R&B direction. I remembered how bands I really admired, like the Rolling Stones and the Faces, went through a period where they were really influenced by black American music and went into R&B from soul. So this has been a conscious decision, it's what I figured was the next natural step for me to take."

Not only natural but essential. For all his icon status in Australia, where he has sold almost five million albums (half of them with Cold Chisel), international penetration has been a slow, tiring and mostly unfulfilling exercise. That may be because, in a wider context than this relatively small market, Barnes has always made a lot of mighty fine noise but has not been able to convey a concise enough impression of just who he is, what he stands for and why he should be listened to before a score of other gravelly howlers.

"I had to take what I learned from *Soul Deep* and apply it to rock 'n' roll. . ."

After Cold Chisel disbanded, Barnes was cast adrift from the nurturing environment of a fairly down-to-earth band and from the stellar songwriting source that was Don Walker. Although he was selling records, there was a great deal of flailing about in search of a focus. The search took some strange paths. In 1987 he was off in America writing and recording with corporate rockers from Journey, Bryan Adams' partner, and glossy black pop master, Desmond Child.

It made sense then and gave him some big hits but he knows he would never do it again. "I'm not going to do a David Bowie and disown my back catalogue but I think a lot of that material needs some hefty rearrangements," he offers. "I'm not going to be influenced again by writing with people who are not too close to me."

To put it more succinctly, *Heat* is the way you can expect to hear Jimmy Barnes sound for quite some time. He has found his "voice" and he is happy.

That is not the only thing Barnes has found in recent times. At the same time that he was confronting the roots of the music he has been absorbing since his early teens and his older brother John Swan was putting together a band called The Soul Onion, he had cause to confront some other, more important roots.

Ever since Cold Chisel attempted a "crash through or crash" assault on the US market in 1981 and Jimmy, in his frustrated anger, wrote "You Got Nothing I Want", the thrust of his and his record company/management's international aspirations has been the American market. He has written there, recorded there, toured there, been promoted there and, as often as not, been passed over there.

The American chart shut-out (his highest hit entry has been #47 for his "Good Times" duet with INXS in 1987) has not killed his aspirations — he is too stubbornly Scottish to let the bastards win — but it has redirected them. "I'm definitely determined to take my music overseas. I'm thinking seriously of spending more time in Europe in the next 12 months; living there for a period while I work. I just think Europe is a market I can relate to better. I enjoy the countries and the cultures a lot more than I do in America. If I was going to be based somewhere outside of Australia it would probably be Paris or Florence or somewhere like that.

"I'm also going to spend a lot of time in Scotland because that's where my roots are and I'd like my children to come to know it. I've not performed in Scotland, ever, but the last time I went to Glasgow it made me realise that I actually was Scottish. I always thought I was very Australian and suddenly I go to Scotland and see all these people who are just like me. They either love you or hate you; if they love you they'd give you the shirt off their back. They just want to have a good time. I'm very like that, I either like things or I don't. If I like somebody I'd give them anything and if I don't I'd do anything to them."

If *Soul Deep* and Scotland are part of a mid-age voyage of rediscovery on the part of a now emotionally secure father of four, who has ascended to a position of wide prominence and admiration in this country that is not far removed from that afforded John Farnham (an admiration fanned by the energies Barnes devotes to such causes as AIDS, cystic fibrosis, the Make A Wish Foundation and the Burns Unit of Camperdown Children's Hospital), then the voyage has also sailed around the often wild frontier he inhabited for the first ten years of his proper professional career — Cold Chisel.

Jimmy walked away from Chisel like Lennon walked away from the Beatles. He didn't need it, he'd be damned if he was going to listen to anybody who said that he couldn't succeed without it. "It's dangerous listening to those sort of comments," he has said. "As dangerous as listening to people who keep saying you are terrific. It's best not to listen to any of them too much but just go ahead and do what you are doing." So for a decade he kept his distance from his old band mates, beyond sitting together with them in a press conference to accept some awards and launch a third "Best Of" album collection. But now, in this season of looking back fondly and deftly incorporating the past into the future, some threads remained untied.

Cold Chisel comrades Ian Moss and Don Walker both worked on *Heat*, the most dynamic, angry, funky, grungy, to-the-edge album of Barnes' solo career — an album that will hit fans of Red Hot Chilli Peppers, Nirvana, the new U2 and the Black Crowes where they live.

"It did take us some time to get over some niggly things and there had been

Continued on page 108

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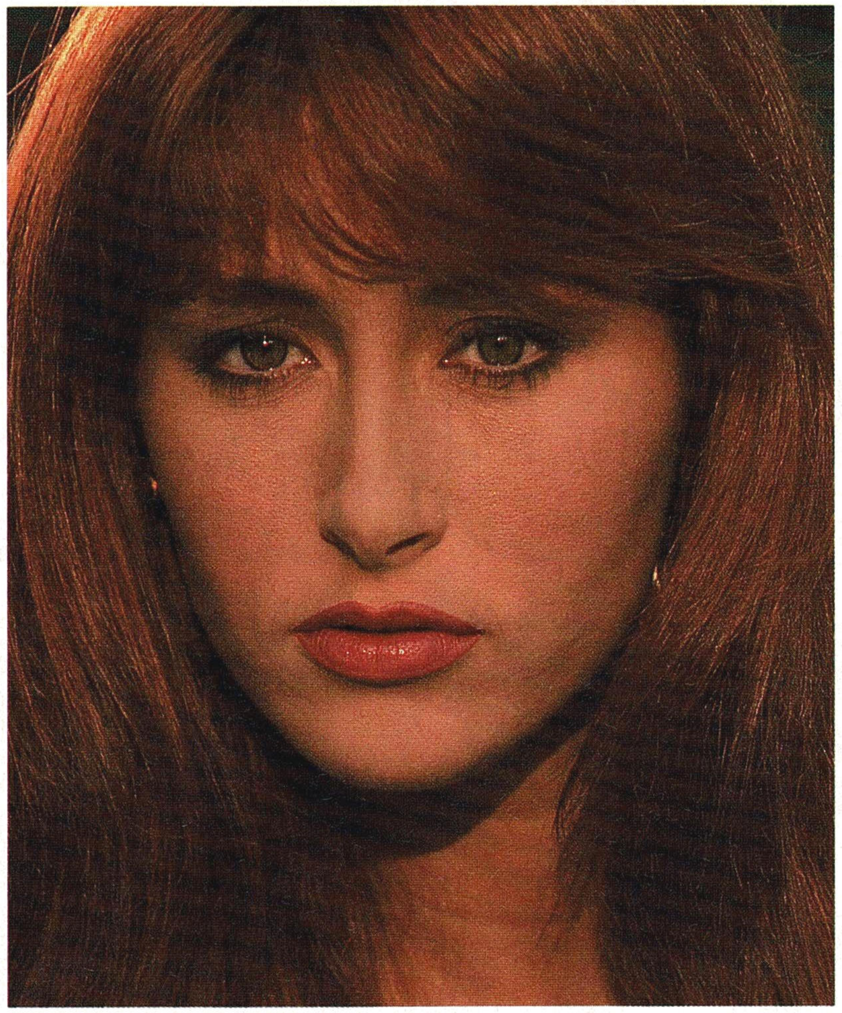
THE YOUNG & THE *restless*

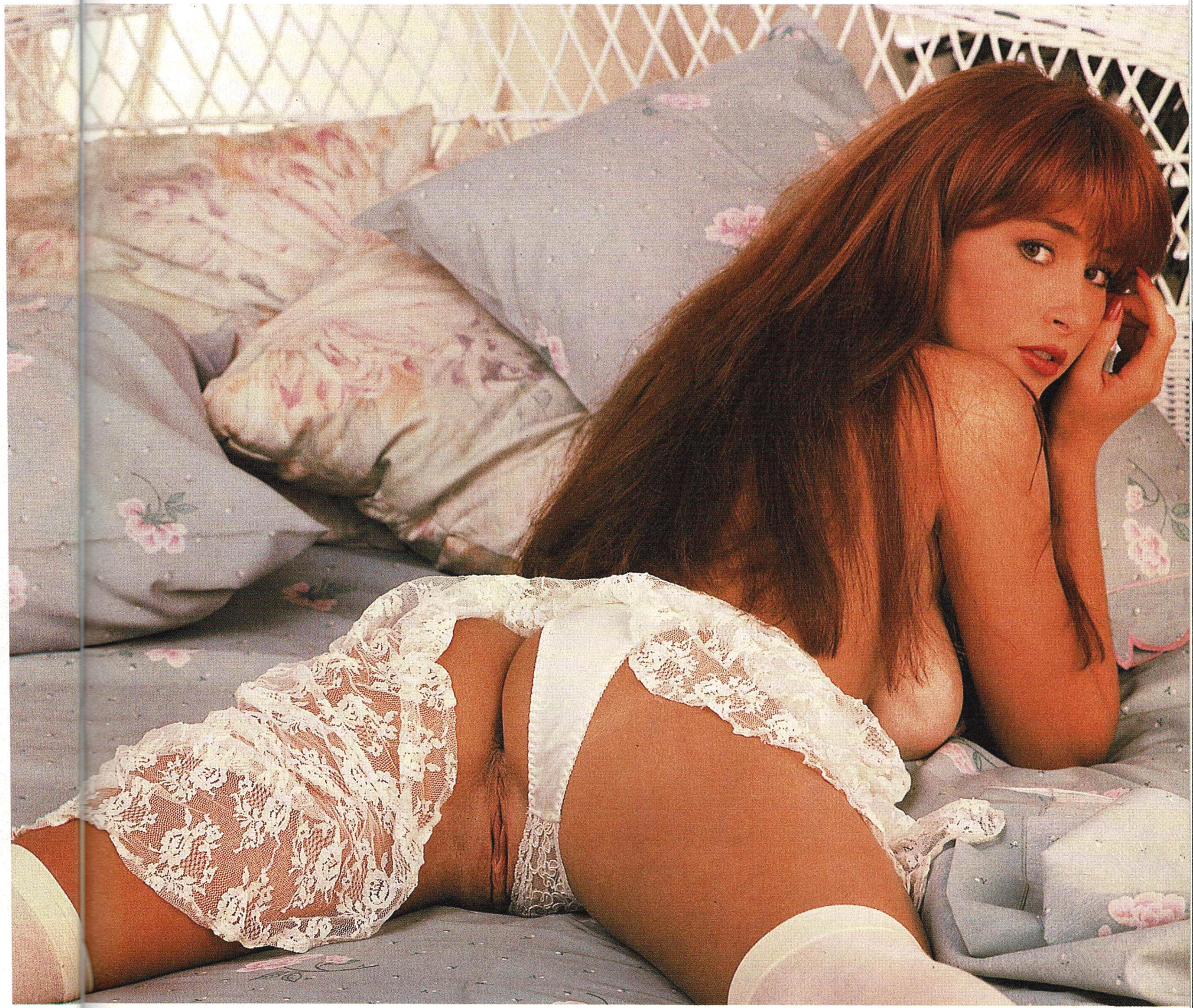
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS



Elyssa Young started studying business at college but decided to give it all up when the opportunity to travel came up. For six years now she's been globetrotting having called London, Paris, Madrid and New York home.

At 26, the stunning 34-25-33 Aquarian says she has no plans to settle down. "There is still so much of the world out there that I have yet to discover. I couldn't possibly stay in one place when I know what else is out there, unless, of course, the right man came along and persuaded me to stay."

Elyssa has worked as a legal secretary, has pulled beer in pubs, been a hostess at a theme park and has harvested fruit during her extensive travels. "Not only do I like seeing different places, but I'm also a real people person and I like immersing myself in the culture of the place I'm in. Obviously the only way to do that is to communicate with the people."



To keep her breathtaking body the way it is, Elyssa indulges in a rather unusual hobby — rock climbing. "Let me put it this way," winks Elyssa, "Rock climbing gives me strength, agility and flexibility that can come in very handy in intimate liaisons."

Obsession

Continued from page 39

"After believing that we had a lot of evidence proving that this man had intended to kill me — and had killed Andrew — I was told that we couldn't bring up the sexual assault at all.

"We hadn't been told before that you're not able to link these events — they may colour the evidence. We couldn't mention another assault he'd committed against another person who'd been staying in my flat. We simply couldn't show that his personality could change at the drop of a hat."

Penny's father, Ken, is still furious and together with the Hudswell family has kept up a constant campaign to change the law.

"The jury kept asking, 'What happened before that?' And the judge would say: 'Sorry, I can't tell you'. It just seems that Andrew Hudswell died unnecessarily, because had someone listened or bothered to look at the records or drag Tony in for questioning when we warned them he was violent, it just wouldn't have happened. Andrew was defending Penny. The police should have been defending Penny. And after all that, the *judiciary* refused to defend Penny."

But the final blow to a family clutching at the legal system for comfort, was the admission of Aliano's unsworn statement to the jury.

"It made him seem as though he was simply a vulnerable man in love with me and I'd rejected him. And that had sent him crazy," Penny says. "It was the last thing he said. Nobody else could refute what he said. The very fact that it's unsworn means he could say whatever he wanted, whether it was true or not."

It's something that makes Eileen Cook's blood boil.

"Alex also gave an unsworn statement — and it was so full of lies I wanted to scream out: 'That's not true!' But there is simply nothing you can do about it."

Australian States are divided in their use of the unsworn statement. Western Australia has extended its use "for special cases." Children, disabled adults and those "unable to understand proceedings" may now address the court on videotape or through an intermediary.

In South Australia, incoming Attorney General Chris Sumner abolished the unsworn statement in 1985 as part of a wide ranging package of reforms.

As the judge was summing up Aliano's case, Penny Bean was sitting directly behind him.

"The judge said he'd get a six-year sentence, starting from the time of apprehension. As soon as he heard that, Tony turned around and looked at me and it felt as though he was saying, 'Gotcha'. I just crumbled. Who's supposed to get the life sentence, him or me? I just couldn't understand after all those years of torment, he got that. He couldn't believe it either. He grinned. If that's what he gets, why not do it again?"

"I think he'll have sat there and spent four years plotting to come after me again." Penny adds, shaking.

"How can I get involved with someone else knowing that's likely to happen? I don't think I can live on my own again.

"The psychiatrists agreed at the time that he hadn't accepted that he'd done anything wrong," adds Ken.

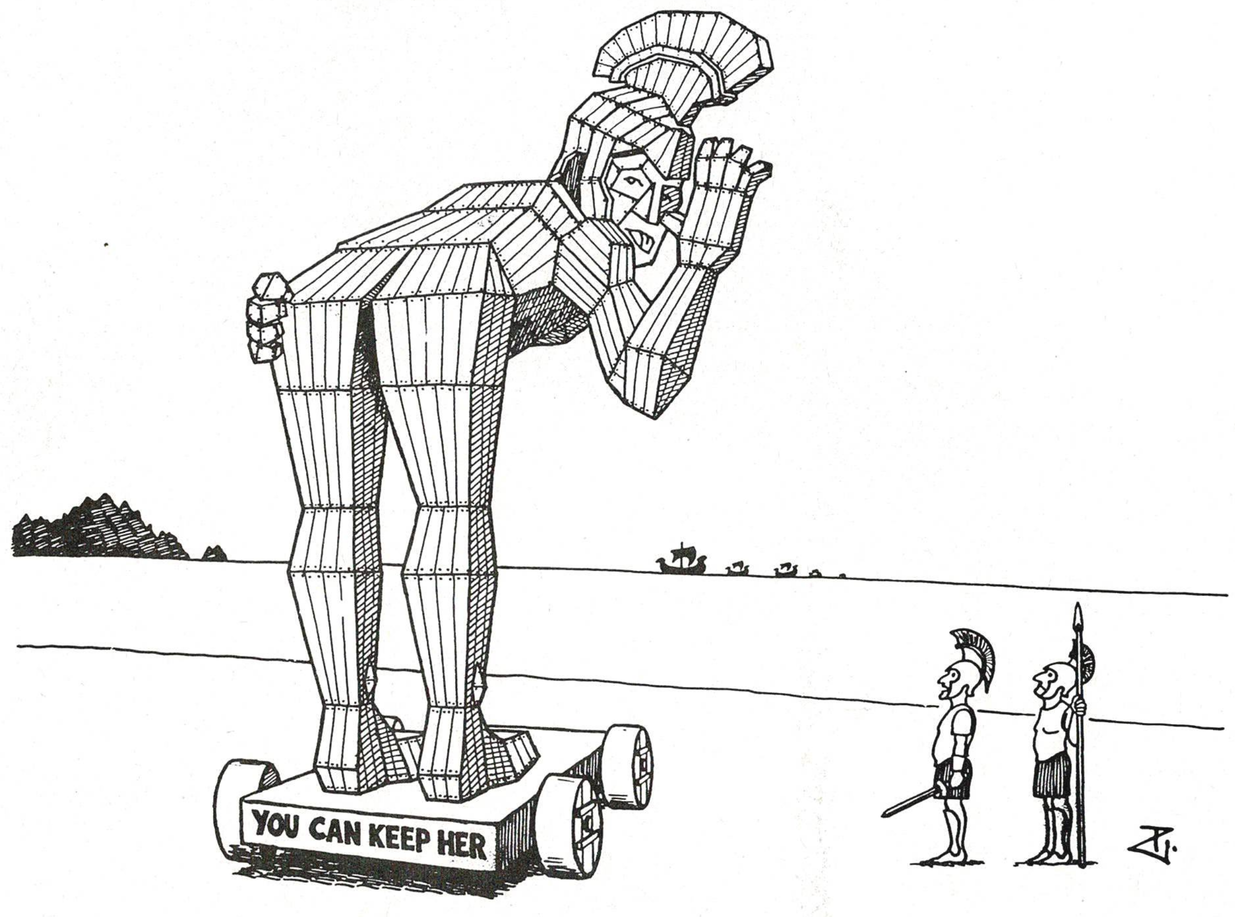
"But the judge then said: 'He's over it now'. And he's not having any treatment in jail. He doesn't even see himself as a criminal. He still feels hard done by."

Both the Bean and Hudswell family have long dismissed any idea of personal vengeance; a turning of the tables, with Aliano the victim, rather than Penny.

We're simply not like that. I couldn't do to him what he did to me," Penny states more firmly now.

"But until he's out, my life is on hold. And I think I'd much rather a shorter life than keep running."

We approached both Tony Aliano and Alex Obholz to present their points of view, but each declined. Keceski is preparing to appeal his sentence.



"It looks like the Greeks must have changed their minds about Helen."

ABOVE THE LAWE

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDRE FELIX

Kristian says that it's not the loud, brazen blokes that attract her but rather the quiet, shy ones who lurk in coffee shops reading newspapers and magazines. "I love intellectual men. A man who's well-read and witty and who is knowledgeable and a good conversationalist will melt me every time. Double that if he wears glasses. I don't know what it is but I find spectacles devilishly attractive."

"I believe that lust is the great leveller. I've performed for businessmen, labourers and even the occasional politician and I don't care who they are, they all gawk at me with the same look in their eye." Kristian has done a fair bit of travelling for someone so young and she says that her career is truly international. "All over the world, a good erotic dancer can find work. No matter where I go and perform, I'm speaking the universal language of sexual attraction."

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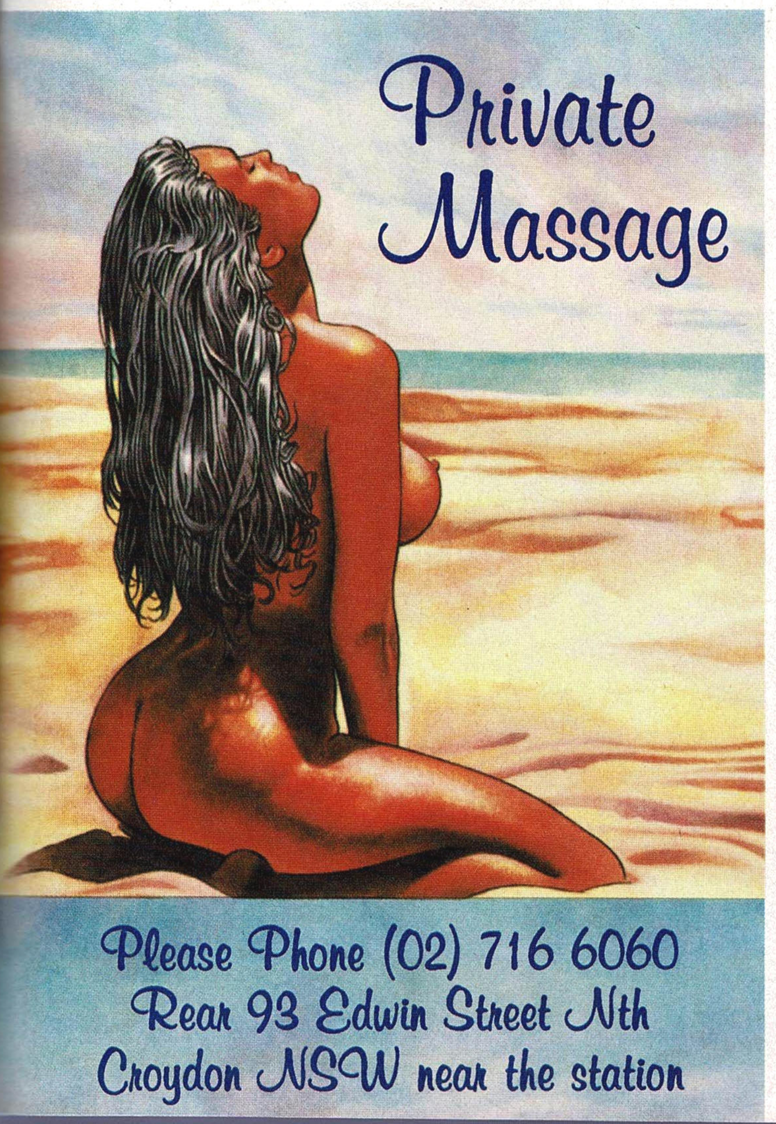

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BY CYRIL AYRIS

Darra

The town that deals in death

When a shopkeeper steps in front of you and fires a dozen shots into the air from a Kalashnikov and you are the only person in the street who reacts, you know that you are in one hell of a town.

I knew it was going to happen. I'd been there before, but it didn't stop me ducking low and covering my ears with my hands.

There was another volley of rifle fire that rumbled around the nearby mountains. Then another... and another. They drew as much attention from the turbaned populace as would the click of a supermarket turnstile in your local shopping centre.

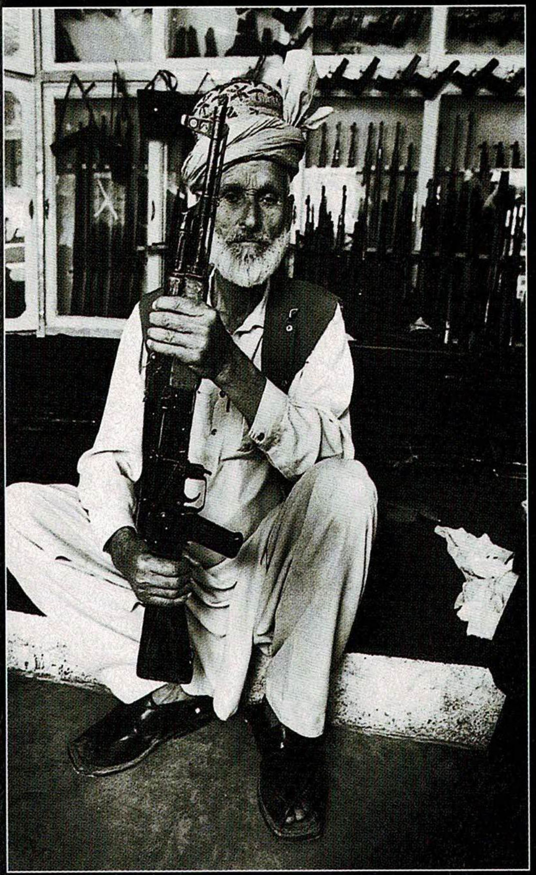
There is probably no town in the world like Darra. It is a wild west frontier town that squats hot and dusty in the Pathan tribal lands, 25km from Peshawar and not far from the Afghanistan border.

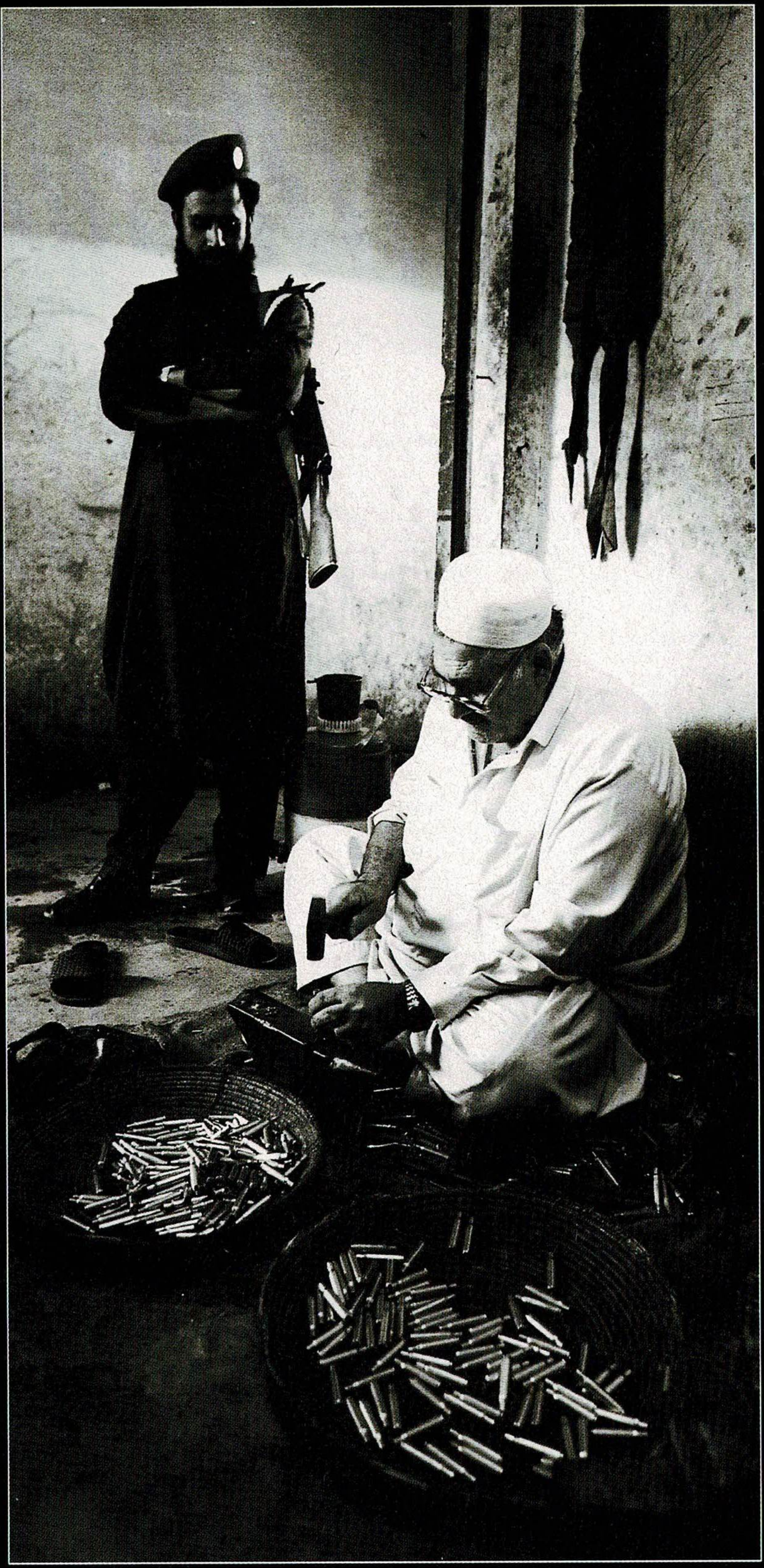
It exists entirely for the manufacture of weapons and everybody who lives in the one-street settlement is directly or indirectly involved in the trade.

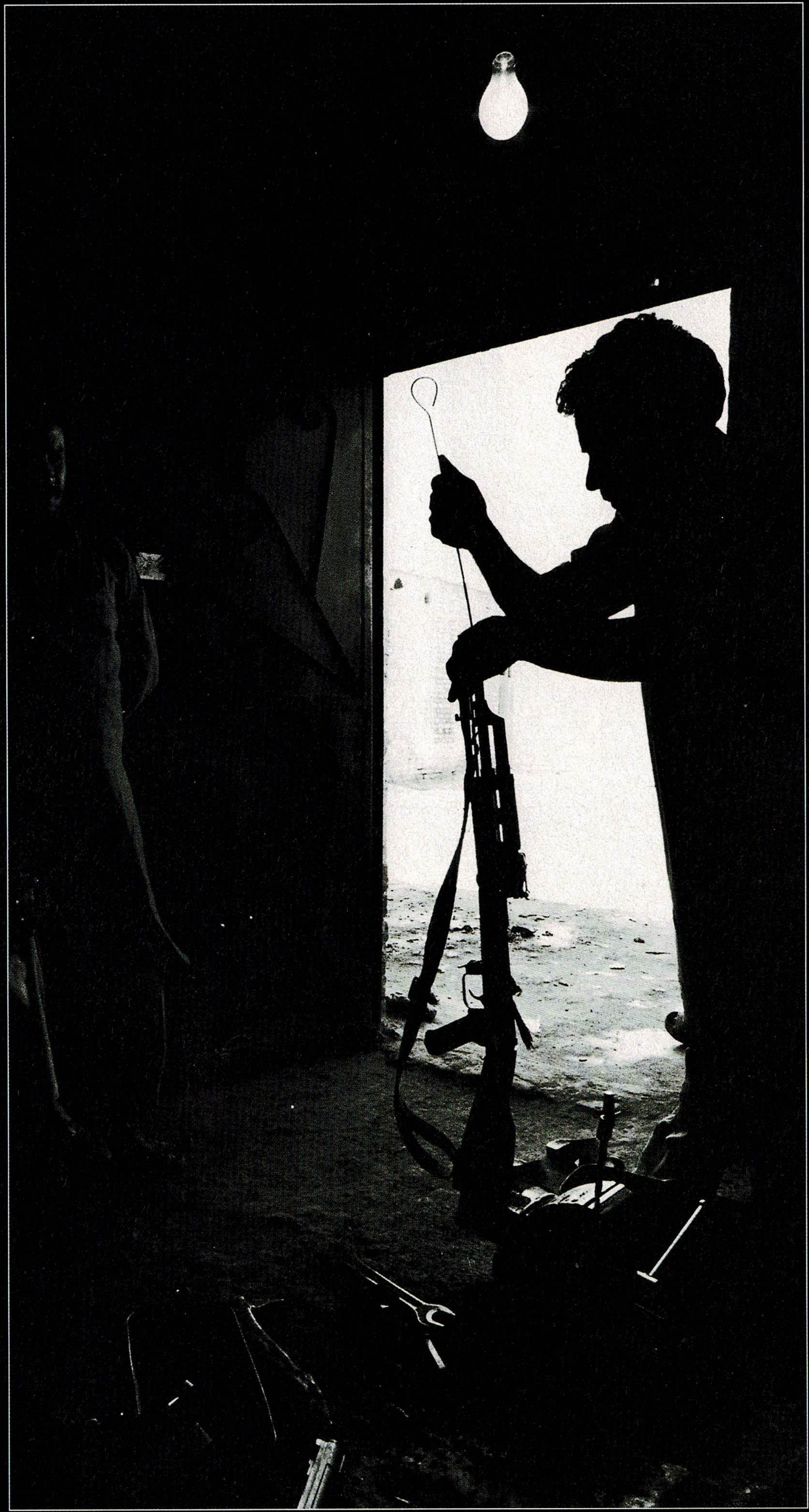
It has been that way for more than ten years though; how many pistols, rifles, shotguns and machine-guns have been turned out from the workshops is anybody's guess. Even today, nobody bothers to record the number of weapons produced or who buys them.

There are about 500 craftsmen working cross-legged in tiny alcoves that were there when Queen Victoria's armies were trying to subdue Afghanistan.

Between them, they have copied and reproduced most modern weapons including







Lee Enfield .303 rifles, Kalashnikovs, Russian pistols, English shotguns and even a perfect replica of the Pakistan Army's G3 rifle. Cheeky.

The craftsmen's skills have been handed down from father to son, some specialising in rifling, some in firing mechanisms, others in carving and polishing stocks. One shop produces nothing but hand-made ammunition.

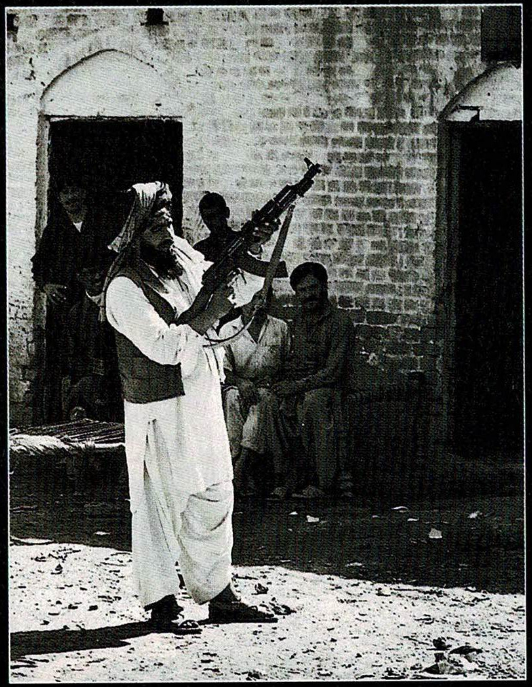
All the weapons are carefully copied, even down to fake serial numbers, so that it is almost impossible to tell a Darra production from an original.

So what do they cost?

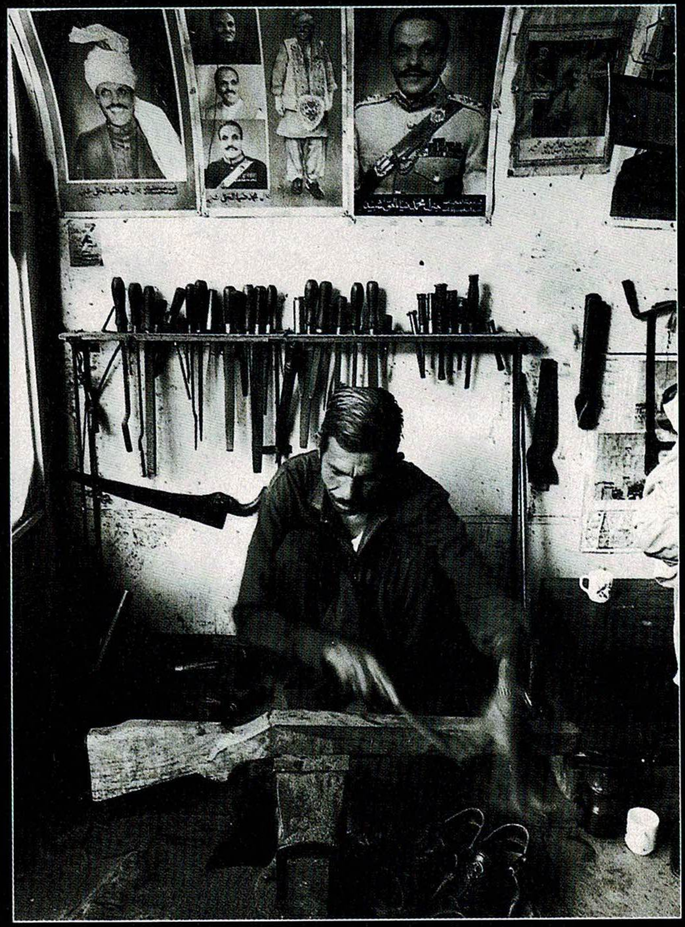
A Kalashnikov would set you back about $300, a Lee Enfield about $400 and a quality replica of an English or European shotgun, about $600. An 8mm automatic rifle comes in at $2400, a bren gun at $1900 and an M16 machine gun, $1600.

If you believe there is a possibility that you might be taken prisoner, a suicide pistol (shaped like a ballpoint pen) can be bought for $17.

They were in big demand as was every other weapon



Darra



the town produced when the mujihadeen were fighting the Russians. In those days, the "holy warriors" would stream in from across the border, tool up and return to Afghanistan with the best weapons Darra could produce.

The mujihadeen still buy them, but now they use them against each other. The other customers are the Pathan tribesmen, some of the fiercest warriors of all, who like to own at least a semi-automatic rifle, just in case.

No receipts are given and there is no 12-month guarantee. The rule is that the customer selects his weapon, takes it outside and fires a few shots. If he is satisfied, he pays for the gun and that is the end of the contract.

We were in Darra only a couple of hours during which time at least two prospective purchasers stepped out into the street, pointed weapons at the mountains and pulled the triggers.

It would be interesting to know how much lead there is in them thar hills.

Darra

Sex, Lies

Continued from page 52

Queensland applied strict censorship laws. Indeed, when Joh was in power, *Penthouse* itself was often the target of the censor's scissors and the seizure of magazines and books that were allowed elsewhere in Australia became the butt of national jokes. Yet the rape rate in the Sunshine State has always been high, averaging about 7.7 per 100,000 population in the last decade — more than twice the rate of the ACT where porn is freely available.

Now it would be just as silly to argue that liberal censorship laws both across and within countries lead to lower rates of sex crimes, as it would be to argue the reverse position. The reality of crime rates are that they are complex phenomena relying on a host of social, demographic and economic factors.

However, because we have a pretty good idea on just what sexually explicit material does to people who consume it, we can fairly conclusively rule out pornography as a cause of crime.

For a start, pay little attention to those stories you hear from sexual conservatives suggesting that a particular crime was modelled on people watching a dirty movie or reading an explicit magazine. There have been a number of published studies in this vein; yet not one of them stands up to scientific scrutiny.

It is true that the Meese Commission in the United States, as well as other commissions of inquiry into sexually explicit material, have heard from victims, police or social researchers to the effect that rapists alluded to pornography during a sexual assault. But interviews with offenders cannot establish whether pornography causes the offence. Offenders may still rape regardless of the availability of such materials.

Do pay attention, though, to studies of who uses pornography and how consumers of sexually explicit material are effected by what they read or view.

Kinsey found about 40 years ago that pornography users were almost exclusively male. This is simply not the situation today. Both Danish and American research shows that more and more women are using pornography and are actually producing sexually explicit material.

Indeed, anthropologist Carol Vance, has recently described the devious and manipulative way conservative moral campaigners and anti-porn feminists have combined together to deny and restrict the expression of female sexuality. She argues that their position is almost suggesting that females loathe sex. Fortunately, more and more women are coming out of their sexual closets and saying, "Hey, I like sex, it's fun and so is looking at the male and female body." Just a quick glance at the titles of articles on the covers of women's magazines should demonstrate this point.

People of both sexes like reading and looking at sexual material for obvious reasons.

The research of Kutchinsky and his colleagues found that pornography was mainly used for two other purposes: for entertainment or to accompany masturbation and, more rarely, sexual intercourse.

Nowhere does the research literature demonstrate that if a person uses pornography regularly, he or she is likely to rush out and rape or molest someone else.

One of the reasons why sexual material doesn't lead to the social mayhem and crime that the pro-censorship lobby says will occur, is that erotica is not as powerful or long-lasting as the moralists would like us to believe.

Sure, pornography can be exciting and titillating. Danish research shows that both the majority of men (86%) and of women (61%) say that they had experienced "genital sensations" after looking at some pretty hard-core material for a lengthy period of time. But the rub is that only one-fifth of men said they had a full erection after viewing porn and about the same proportion said they felt the urge for "sexual activity" after the session had ended.

The reality is that we all can become pretty bored with sexually explicit material if we spend too much time lingering over it. The people who inhabit the Kings Cross "adult" bookshops are not the locals but out of towners (and especially sex-starved Queenslanders) who are generally curious about what a porn shop looks like.

In Danish studies where volunteers were subjected to lengthy sessions of looking at hard-core porn films and magazines, more than two-thirds of them said they felt "over-satiated" and "disappointed". When, just after pornography was legalised in Denmark, the city of Copenhagen held the world's first International Sex Fair, most visitors expressed feelings of boredom after spending a few hours peeping at strip shows or goggling at sexual paintings.

None of this should come as a surprise. Too much food, music, reading or exercise can make us feel drained and listless. Just the right amount, on the other hand, generates exhilaration and a contented sense of well-being. And so it is with the effects of sexually explicit material.

The Danes, Japanese, Swedes and Germans use erotica as a mild stimulant to make them feel alive and happy. They know that sexually explicit material does not lead to moral decay or sexual excesses.

Most of all, though, political leaders and social analysts in these countries recognise that linking porn to crime makes about as much sense as linking alcoholism to milk, simply because it is a drink most alcoholics consumed before they tasted booze.

It is about time that Australian politicians and policy-makers learnt the same lesson. O⊣

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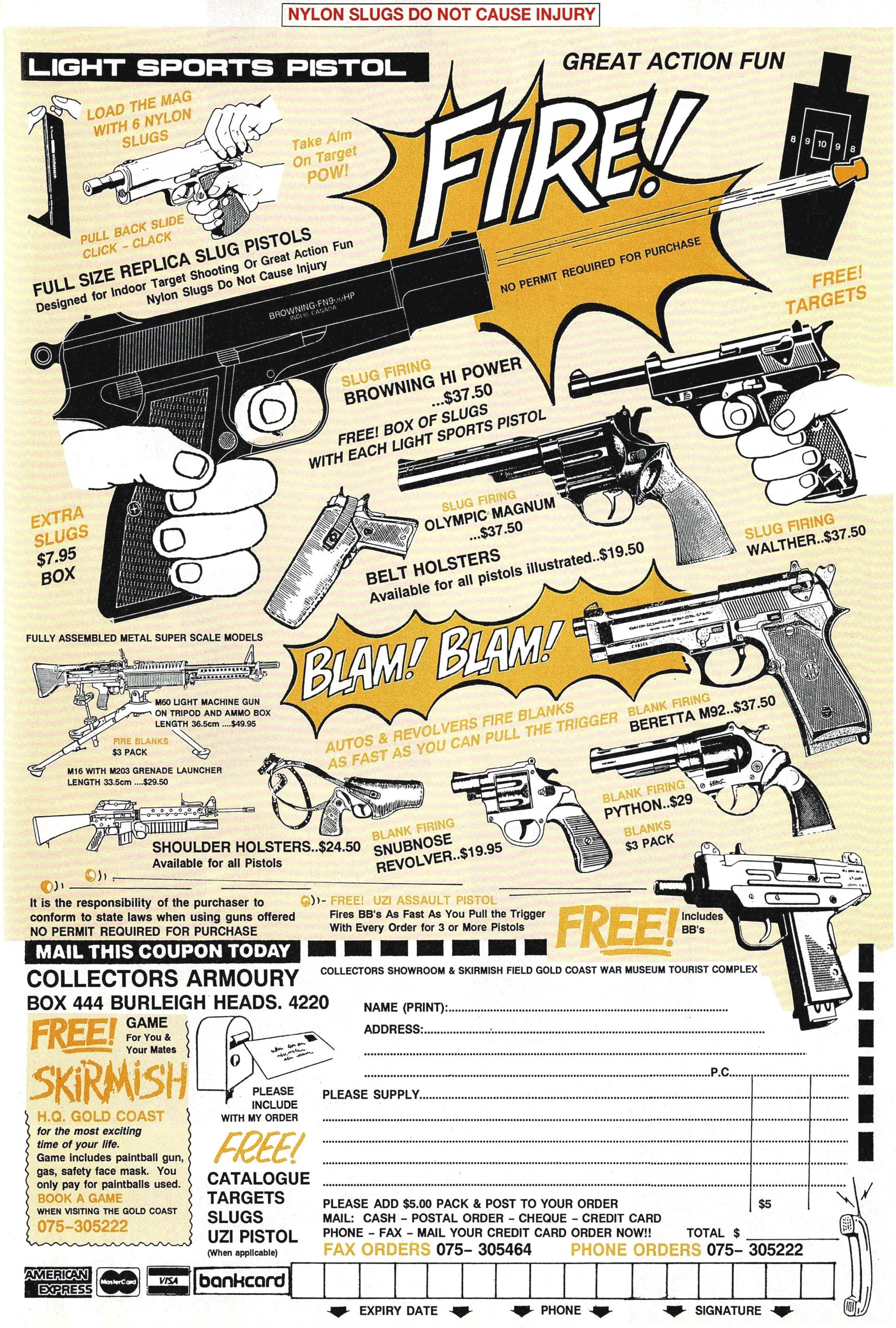
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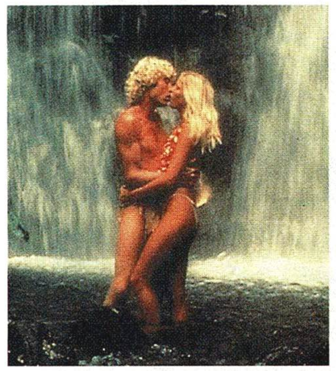
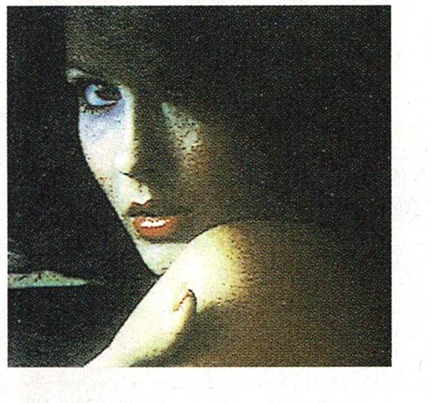
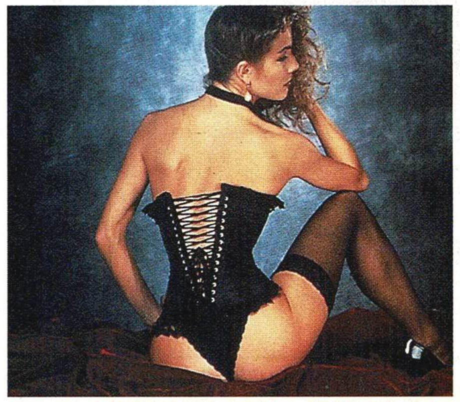


PENTHOUSE LOVE STORIES (R)
Captures beautiful women and gorgeous couples in a series of vignettes that stretch the boundaries of erotic imagination. A voluptuous redhead finds new toys that edge her to the heights of ecstasy. A young garage attendant meets a beautiful blond customer he's more than happy to service. Two women explore all the variations of dominance and deviance. PLUS four more sensual fantasies. You'll also meet a "real-life" sexual exhibitionist AND Xaviera Hollander shares her bountiful sexual wisdom. **$35.00.**

THE GIRLS OF PENTHOUSE COLLECTOR'S EDITION (R)
What would you expect when the world's most provocative magazine is brought to life? Beautiful women? Of course, but there's much more than that. It's a tasteful and exquisitely erotic experience — an engaging, exciting seduction. It's everything you'd want in adult video entertainment, plus, a rare insight as Editor in Chief of *Penthouse*, Bob Guccione, takes you behind the scenes of a photo session. **$35.00.**

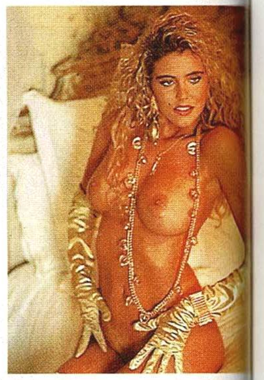




SATIN & LACE (R)
From the touches of satin to the teases of lace, 17 sensual women explore the erotic history of lingerie. It's a journey through time. From Egyptian Slaves to modern day ways, their costumed cleavage will stir more than just your imagination. Our *Penthouse* Pets look stunning with their lingerie on, but just wait till you see them take it all off! **$37.50.**

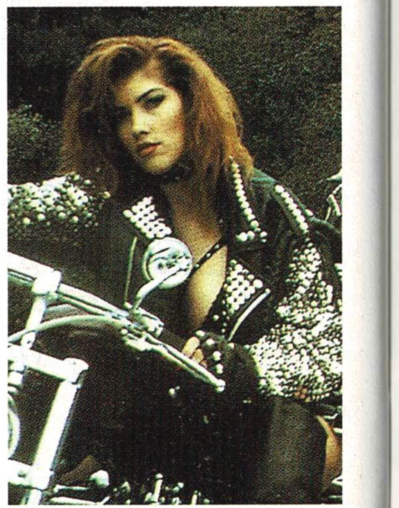
JUICY LUCY (X)
In this sexual extravaganza Lucy and her room-mates search for relief from the boredom of study and discover a new world of sexual pleasures and satisfaction. The campus Doctor and his luscious blonde assistant give new meaning to the term "check up" in their search for the ultimate sexual feat. Lucy, with her unique talent is a hot contender to win the Doctor's competition and the title ... "The Girl that Goes Squirt". It's wet 'n wonderful fun! **$39.95.**

CENTREFOLDS VOLUME 1 (X)
Starring the dynamic US 1993 Pet Of The Year, Julie Strain, and Amy Lynn, the 1992 US Pet Of The Year Runner-up, this is the first in a series of exclusive *Penthouse* videos in which the most alluring, intriguing and erotic Pets reveal themselves to you in the most intimate and personal way. If you've ever wondered how one of the beautiful *Penthouse* Pets moved, sounded or even found sexual satisfaction, this is the video for you. **$50.00**



LES AMANTS MECHANIQUES (THE MECHANICAL LOVERS) (X)
This special film was produced and filmed in France especially for *Penthouse* and is a rare opportunity to intimately share with five young French women their most erotic moments.
This journey through fantasy knows no limits. No dialogue is needed: only the sounds of sexual pleasure. **$39.95**

READY TO RIDE (R)
Combine 15 beautiful women, including the 1992 US Pet Of The Year Julie Strain with hot metal, leather and rock and roll for a ride on the wild side. If you like the look of a Harley it will take on an entirely new dimension. From the most exotic of fantasies to the most revealing striptease these women will astound you with more than an hour of high-octane action that accelerates rapidly and never lets up. Women, Motorcycles, Rock 'n Roll .... and Love. A combination that is *very* hard to resist. **$39.95.**



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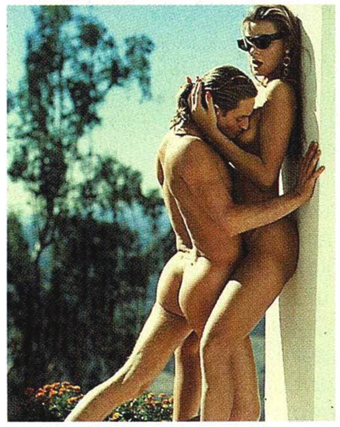


ART OF DESIRE (X)
Directed by Andrew Blake of *Night Trips* fame and starring Zara Whites as the owner of an art gallery offering a lot more than displays of sensual sculpture and erotic art, *Art of Desire* is pure class. Nothing beats this movie for sheer quality, sensual pleasure and innovative direction. Make sure you have this title in your video collection. **$42.50.**

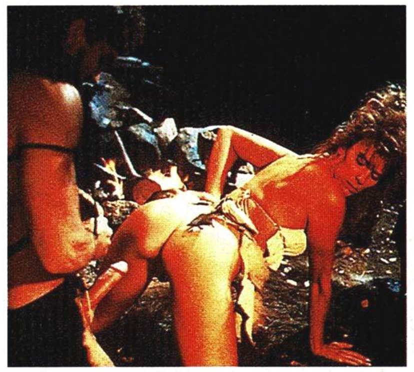
ROXY (X)
Award-winning director Paul Thomas teams up with HOT XXX sensation Savannah to bring you one of the most acclaimed Adult Videos of the year. Buck Adams plays an ageing boxer trying to recapture his youth. Savannah is a temp typist trying to make a living. There couldn't be two people with less in common — but that doesn't stop them. **$42.50.**

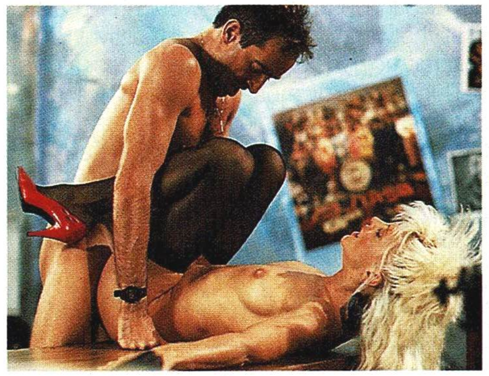
FAST CARS FANTASY WOMEN (X)
Drive at full throttle through an exciting video that's pulsating with luxury cars and sexy women. Dream models for every taste. From bright chrome to sleek curves ... hard bumpers to sultry rear ends ... wheels and women together in ways that only *Penthouse* could imagine! **$39.95.**

NEW WAVE HOOKERS 2 (X)
From VCA, one of the biggest budget erotic videos ever filmed! Shot on 35mm and starring the gorgeous Savannah as a member of a cult of women who are secretly controlling the world of the not-too-distant-future with sex. You'll be aroused by a bevy of hot hookers and sexual scenarios so unique they can only be called ... unique! **$39.95**

CENTREFOLDS VOLUME 2 (X)
Features the 1992 U.S. Pet Of The Year Brandy (aka Jisel) and the outrageous 20th Anniversary Pet Lynn Johnson. Savour the elegant Brandy's erotic appeal as she guides you through her private world of sexual fantasies, exposing a lot more than just her inner desires. You'll be amazed by the steamy Lynn, whose performance gives a totally different meaning to term "ice maiden." **$50.00**

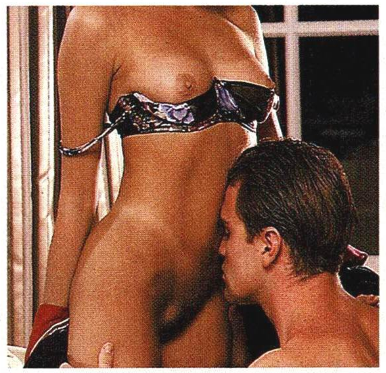
THE NEW BARBARIANS 1 (X)
A glowing crystal that "turns you on" is the centrepiece of this sexual sword-and-sorcery epic from VCA. Set in bygone days when men were barbarians, interested only in satisfying their appetite for sex, food and battle, gorgeous Victoria Paris stars as the buxom amazon whose quest for the stolen crystal takes her from one sexual tryst to another — and eventually into another century. **$35.00**





SWINGERS INK (X)
How do you save a failing magazine? S-E-X! These are the three little letters that spell success for a buxom publisher (the delicious Tracey Adams) and her staff of oversexed writers in this raunchy movie from VCA. Once and for all they prove that the bed is mightier than the sword! **$35.00**

PENTHOUSE ON THE WILD SIDE (R)
A collection of erotic adventures where nothing is forbidden and pleasure is the only rule. Watch as an array of gorgeous girls bring themselves to the brink of ecstasy. PLUS explosive nude photos of a young Madonna PLUS *"The Making of Caligula"*, a documentary of the shocking scenario behind the epic motion picture, including the infamous orgy scene. Let the stunning girls of *Penthouse* show you their wild side! **$37.50.**



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Barnes

Continued from page 86

some sour grapes, so it was the first time the three of us, or any of us, had worked together since the split. It was a real milestone, yeah. It felt really good; Mossy is still playing like a devil and you tend to forget just how great a writer Don Walker is until you sing his songs."

The Chisel aura is most evident on the Walker-composed "Stone Cold", a taut ballad that could have been on *East*.

"When Don sent it to me I said, 'this is fucking great, it sounds like it could be a Ray Charles song'. When Ian played on it in the studio it was so Chisel-esque that it made the hairs stand up on the back of necks when we played it back. I think it could be a huge single."

Jimmy has been talking, and obviously thinking, a lot more about Chisel these days. "We were a product of the times," he said recently. "We built our whole repertoire, image or whatever around a period. We were angry with disco and the way things were going musically so we got out and played dirty rock 'n' roll. It was a sound created by the times. I can't really compare what I'm doing now to Chisel, even the better days, because then I only wrote one or two songs an album and with *Heat* I've written almost everything. We were a band but, at the same time, Don did all the work.

"But what is the same now is that I'm in a 'band' again. This group of musicians have been with me almost as long as I was in Chisel and it feels very tight. I'm not like Prince, I don't write, produce and control everything on the spot — I need people around me to help me get what I want. We don't dress things up — it's very basic, very raw, and very fast. We had the basic tracks done for *Heat* in the first two weeks, most of the vocals went down as first takes and we completed the album in about four to five weeks all up. We even came in about 30 percent under budget because we weren't bullshitting around or disappearing up our own bums. We were just having a good time and letting things roar."

Such a good time that Barnes strapped on a guitar and used it in a studio for the first time in 20 albums. "I'm not the best player in the world," he laughs, "but I have a great feel — the way I play makes Keith Richards sound tight. I wrote the songs on guitar so when I started playing them it got to the stage of, if I didn't play they didn't work. Because of my tuning it was the sort of stuff that Jeff Neill didn't normally do. In the studio Don Geheman, the producer, would say, 'Jimmy, just work out the chords,' so I'd play through them and say, 'Right, I've got it now,' and he'd usually tell me, 'Don't worry we've already got it down while you were getting it'. That's what gives the whole thing a very loose edge."

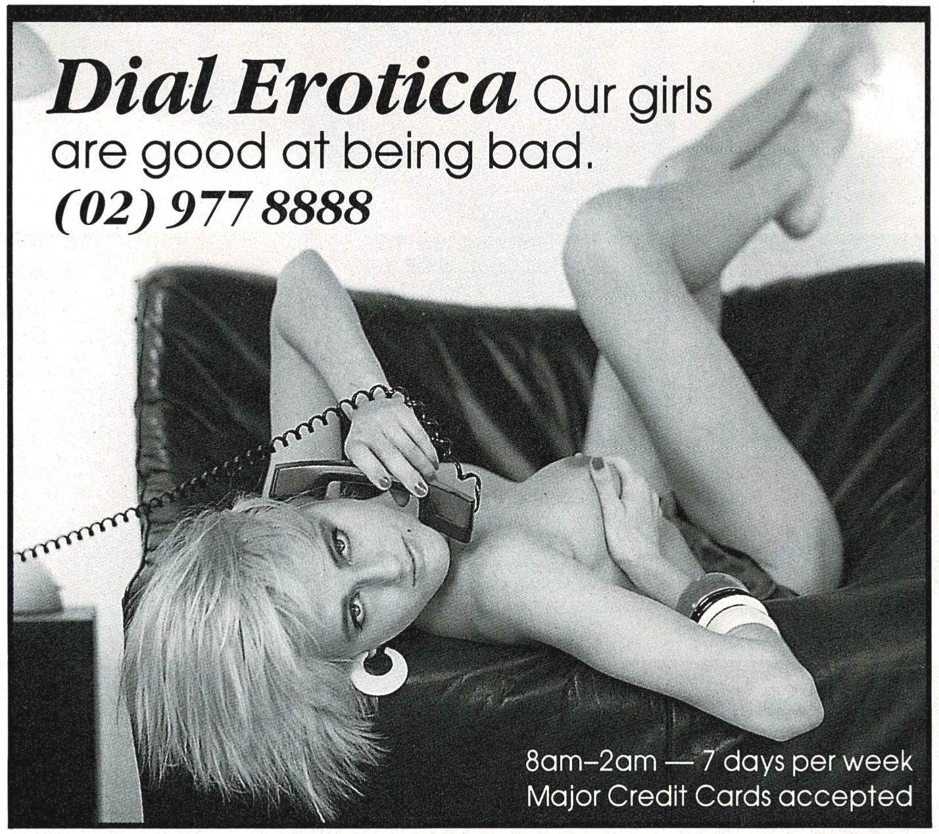
As loose as the mood swung on any given recording day. Each day, Jimmy would drive up from Bowral with Neill to the Festival Studio in Pyrmont and argue over possession of the tape player. "We were listening, believe it or not, to Bob Marley, the Beatles, Ravi Shankar, Jimi Hendrix, Led Zeppelin and a lot of Rolling Stones, particularly, as if it isn't obvious, *Exile On Main Street* and *Sticky Fingers*." Barnes believes that "Knock You Down" is reminiscent of the Stones' "Paint It Black", others think it is far more Beatlish.

What makes Barnes' accomplishments so impressive is the range of them. He is here, he is there, he is every bloody where. He is not just a star, his entire family is. His four children, as the Tin Lids, recorded a debut album, *Hey Rudolph*, almost two years ago which sold 100,000 copies and there are discussions afoot to have their records released in the U.S. by the giant Hanna-Barbera empire, along with merchandising and maybe even a cartoon series. Jimmy accepts with good humour the possibility that his children may become stars in America before himself. "I wouldn't be surprised if they did have a hit overseas before me," he says. "I'd be the happiest one of all. They're learning so much from this experience and they're really enjoying themselves. We've got to the point now where Mahalia is singing so good that she's ready to do some really serious stuff and EJ's improving all the time. They just went a hundred miles ahead from that first album to the next one."

By going back Jimmy Barnes has gone forward — no mean achievement. The corporate rock leaning of the late Seventies is a distant memory. Feel is now all important, as is spontaneity and a dollop of angst. Now he leaves in mistakes, even highlights the right blemishes. He talks about heroes who "play on the edge of their capabilities", offering Hendrix as an example and Springsteen as a contrast. He likes having a young audience and was just as scared as Gudinski about alienating it. "I think a lot of kids who are into the Red Hot Chilli Peppers are going to get off on *Heat*," he predicts, with no small amount of confidence. "They've influenced me because they were one of the first bands to come along in a long time without drum machines and with a sparse rhythm.

"Singing soul songs really helped me re-establish myself with melody," he concludes. "I learned again how important it is and how you can cover for a lot of things with sheer power, which I was starting to do. It made me realise that there's a lot more to singing than just belting it out — there has to be lot of subtlety too."

Whatever the mix, it is the music of a man of who, like every great rocker, effortlessly and unselfconsciously absorbs and uses worthy influences to create another link in an endless chain. Jimmy Barnes is no longer the walking ghost of Joe Tex, Otis Redding and Wilson Pickett but if you listen carefully, you can still hear their chains clanking in the background.



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don't get around much any more

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

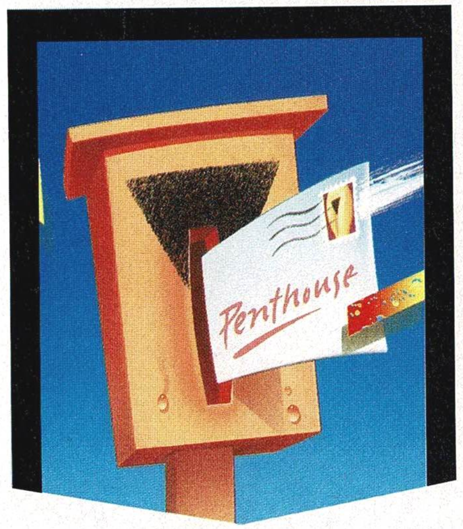
Glen, Paula and Sharon worked in the same company delivering strip-a-grams. One of the rules was that they were not allowed to touch their clients at all during the show and this often left both them and their celebrants feeling extremely aroused.

They all worked long hours and because most of their evenings were taken up by work, their respective social lives were less than exciting. Returning to the company office late one night after their separate engagements, the trio found themselves alone, hot and impassioned.

Months of sexual frustration boiled over as Glen and Sharon began undressing Paula as they ran their hands over every inch of her body. Soon they were all naked and exploring the pent-up fantasies that had been brewing for months.

Sharon decided that she wanted to taste Paula and she revelled in her musky arousal. Glen then got in on the act as he made love with them both, switching positions and partners until the three of them became a tangled mess of limbs and torsos.

They performed every variation their bodies would allow until the simmering lust that had been burning within them exploded into a shaking, shimmering climax.



forum

Continued from page 8

little party.

I knelt next to Lola and started kissing her. She was so hot she couldn't put her tongue deep enough down my throat. She was breathing hard and heavy. I alternately kissed and sucked her lips — and she mine — and then I sucked her tits as Joy busily ate her pussy. I could hear the sucking noises from her incredible wetness. Lola's hips were grinding furiously into her friend's mouth — her moaning was becoming more and more intense. Then she started to explode into Joy's mouth as I frantically kissed her.

Joy kept sucking and sucking, trying not to miss a precious drop of Lola's hot pussy juice. I couldn't believe anyone could come for such a long time. Then she collapsed. My dick was rock-hard and I didn't know what was going to happen next.

Lola lay me down and both of them, one on each side, started teasing me with kisses. It seemed like this was rehearsed, because I could feel both of them grinding their hot pussies into my legs, kissing my ears, and working down my body in unison. I just watched them both go down on my hot, hard dick. They tongued it on each side from top to bottom and back to the top. When they reached the top, they took time to kiss each other, trading tongues and sucking lips.

Then they alternately started to suck my dick — this was heaven. At that point Lola worked her way back up my body and started kissing me again. While Joy was sucking my dick, Lola stopped kissing me and watched until I exploded into Joy's mouth. I though I would never stop coming. We all passed out, motionless and exhausted. I dozed off and awoke to find us all in a loving embrace. — *Name and address withheld*

On the job

Working as a contractor you hear a lot of stories of quick and unusual sex on the job site. I now have my own story to think about while the others are all bragging. It started out as just another day as the security guard at the main gate of the site greeted me with a smile.

Tara was an attractive girl with an arse that whispered "bite me." She smiled at me and said hello. I felt a sudden warm rush from my head to my crotch which, by the look on her face, gave her a clue that I was excited. I returned the hello and went about my business. I spent the next couple of hours thinking about fucking this lady for all she was worth.

I had been outside for ten minutes or so when I saw her carrying a large box toward one of the supply buildings. I quickly offered my services and took the box from her. We got inside the building and into a storage room, where she told me to stop and wait.

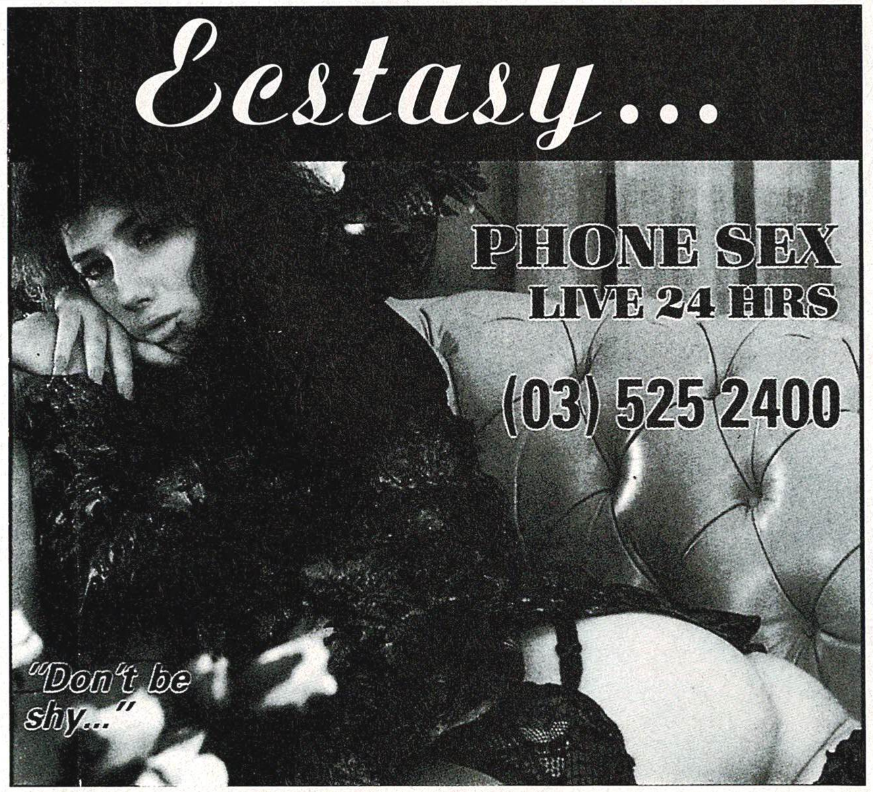
Before I knew what was going on, she knelt down in front of me, below the box. She placed her mouth on my bulge and blew hot air through my jeans to my cock, which by now hurt due to the restraint of my zipper. I found myself stuck holding this box and enjoying the warmth of her mouth. Wasting no time, she proceeded to unzip my pants, gently pull out my cock and kiss the head of my rod. It wasn't long before she took it all in. She sucked up and down my engorged shaft while she caressed my balls between her fingers.

Tara's next move nearly caused me to shoot my wad on contact. She started sucking again, but this time with a frenzied, spiral motion. The sensation of her warm mouth and twirling tongue was too much for me to handle, and I shot come deep inside her throat. She let out a quiet moan, swallowed, and licked the tip of my cock. I found myself getting wobbly legs from the excitement and the weight of the box still in my tight grasp.

She stopped for an instant while I bent over to set the box down. When I stood back up she immediately embraced me with a hug and a deep, long passionate kiss. I gently grabbed her arse, slowly lifted her up onto one of the machines, and began to unzip her pants. She reached down and slowly slipped off her silk and lace panties to reveal a perfectly shaven pussy which glistened with her come.

I smiled and began kissing the inside of her well-tanned legs until I reached her love button. I slowly encircled her clit, which was sticking out at attention, until my face was covered with her sweet juice. I took my index finger, licked it and inserted it into her box while I continued to work on her clit with my tongue. She bucked and moaned and pleaded with me to lick her faster.

I could feel my cock swelling and I knew I had to bury it deep inside her. I drew back and quickly lifted her off the machine. She turned around, bent over, then grabbed my cock and guided it into her pussy from behind. She told me not to stop fucking until we both came together. I started out with slow, deep penetrations while she rubbed my balls with one hand and pinched her nipples with the other. It wasn't long before she started moaning and I could feel the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walls of her vagina clamp down on my cock.

I felt come begin to burn its way up from below, so I grabbed her hips and pulled her close as I shot hot come up her cunt as far as it would go. Tara came at the same time and we both fell forward onto a filing cabinet. She turned back around, licked off my throbbing cock, then put it back into my pants. She smiled, dressed herself and then helped me zip up my pants. Tara gave me another long kiss and hug and then picked up her box, winked, and was gone. I spent the rest of the day with an erection, thinking about what had happened and hoping I'd see her again soon.

When I left that night, another security guard asked me why I was so happy. I told her I just had a good day and to keep up the good work, knowing that she had no idea of what had happened. — *Name and address withheld*

Bi-bi love

My name is Melissa and I'm a 19-year-old bisexual. I say I'm bisexual, although I've only ever been with one girl, my best friend, Alyssa. I am blonde with blue eyes and what I'd call a fairly shapely body. Alyssa is gorgeous, with long brown hair, big brown eyes and a beautiful suntanned body. We have been friends, I suppose you could say, since birth. We were born within a day of each other at the same hospital, where our mothers met and became friends.

We grew up together in the same town and became so close that we would share every secret and every problem. We have kept nothing from each other. We even shared masturbation with each other at about the age of 14. By that I mean we talked about masturbating, not masturbating in front of each other. We did everything together, like shopping for clothes, buying our first bra's, having our ears pierced, perving at guys, sneaking into nightclubs, being kicked out of nightclubs, everything.

Although our love was mostly sisterly, there have always been strong sexual feelings deep inside me. When Alyssa changed in front of me I would find myself staring at her body with more than just envy or admiration. I have also noticed the same with her. The thing is I have not found myself looking at other girls in this way, only Alyssa. One Saturday night, we were getting ready for a party and as we were running late we had a shower together.

While we showered we playfully splashed each other and giggled a lot. Alyssa started to wash my back and I allowed her to continue. I must say it felt really nice. When she had finished I playfully turned and thrust my chest out and said, "And now for my front."

"Okay," she chirped, placing her soapy hands on my breasts and squeezing. She pulled her hands away and looked a bit embarrassed. I was suddenly conscious of the closeness of our naked bodies. The thought of us two girls, standing in the shower, wearing nothing but the warm, splashing water excited me. Alyssa looked at me, blushing slightly and said, "Sorry."

"That's okay," I said. "Don't be sorry. If you can't squeeze a friend's tits, then whose can you?" Alyssa smiled warmly at me before directing her eyes towards my bare, gleaming breasts. She slowly raised her hands to them and began to caress them gently. "I wish mine were as good as yours," she said. My nipples hardened as she stroked them softly and I closed my eyes, moaning quietly and enjoying the sensation of Alyssa's hands on my breasts.

She suddenly stopped and I opened my eyes to see a concerned look on her face. "Should we be doing this?" she asked. I replied by placing a hand on her cheek and saying, "Let's not worry about it. Let's just give ourselves up to it."

With that I slowly moved my open lips onto hers, sliding my tongue into her mouth. I was met with no resistance, Alyssa took my tongue and played with it with her own. I could not believe what was happening. We were locked in a tight embrace and we started to kiss and lick each others necks.

Alyssa gradually kissed her way to my stiff nipples and proceeded to lick and suck them. I started to stroke her hair, savouring the feeling of her wet lips and tongue caressing my breasts. She placed a hand between my legs and rubbed my tingling pussy. I moaned in ecstasy as my juices dripped onto her fingers, which she slowly eased into my hole.

"Lick me," I begged. Alyssa complied with my wish and she buried her face in my swollen mound. She flicked her tongue ferociously up and down my clitoris, while I rubbed my nipples rapidly. I have never felt anything like this. I had had my breasts and cunt rubbed by boys and I have sucked one dick before, but those experiences were nothing compared to the feeling of Alyssa's mouth on my snatch. In no time at all, we ended up at the bottom of the shower, licking each other's clits with passion. I shuddered to an explosive climax and Alyssa soon followed. We then sat up and French kissed tenderly until the hot water ran out.

After that we dried ourselves and went to my room, not bothering to dress. "That was beautiful," Alyssa sighed, running a hand through my hair as we sat on my bed. Without a moment's hesitation we began to kiss passionately again and proceeded to make love, which lasted for a couple of hours. We fell asleep in each other's arms, oblivious to the outside world. Luckily, my oldies went straight to bed when they arrived home and didn't bother us. We now have steady boyfriends, but we still make love passionately whenever we sleep over. Who knows? Maybe one day the guys will go for a foursome. — *Name and address withheld*

Lingerie lover

My name is Caroline, and I am 25. I have a fantastic family and my career is finally going where I want it to. These are not the keys to my happiness, however, because I also have a brilliant and talented lover. My lover, Tony, has treated me to many adventures worthy of Forum, such as the Choc-mint icemagic tour, or the cubbyhouse adventures. I will relate one of my favourites to you.

It was a hot steamy day and I was tired and rushing to get to Tony. I knocked on his door which swung open to reveal him standing in the hall in nothing but my favourite bathrobe and my fine white lace undies. We said nothing. I dropped all that I was carrying and let my coat slip to the floor. I have never felt such physical longing. I could almost taste my lover. Suddenly he was with me and pressing me hard against the hallway wall. His enormous cock was way too big for my panties and I could feel its long, hard length pressing into my pelvis.

He pressed me hard against the wall and began to peel my clothes off. Fingers and flesh touched my thighs, stomach and breasts. I began to come just being pinned to the wall. I could feel and smell my juices running down my legs.

He let his bathrobe drop and I peeled my panties from him. I lowered my head to his delicious cock as he wrapped my long blonde hair around himself. I love the taste and sensation of sucking his cock It was making my cunt tingle. He picked me up and carried me to his bed. Gently he took my ankles and pulled them up high, spreading my thighs wide. He lowered himself on me and began to push his hard cock deep into my soaking cunt. I felt myself go hot, then cold, then my body began to quiver.

First my legs, thighs and breasts tingled, then the feeling spread to deep within my pelvis. A hurricane exploded inside me, so deep and so intense that I cried. My lover held me close and came with me, shooting more shock waves through my body. — *Name and address withheld*

Northwest exposure

While on assignment in a northwest town, I had the opportunity to work with and share a house with a guy I had met a uni. I had always had the hots for him but was too shy to do anything about it. One night after a few drinks, I told him of my feelings. I was surprised but delighted when he said he fancied me too.

Needless to say, our friendship grew and I experienced the most intense sexlife I had never dreamed possible. He took me to new heights of pleasure and excitement. It was during one of our lovemaking sessions that I mentioned I had always fantasised about having sex in the darkroom.

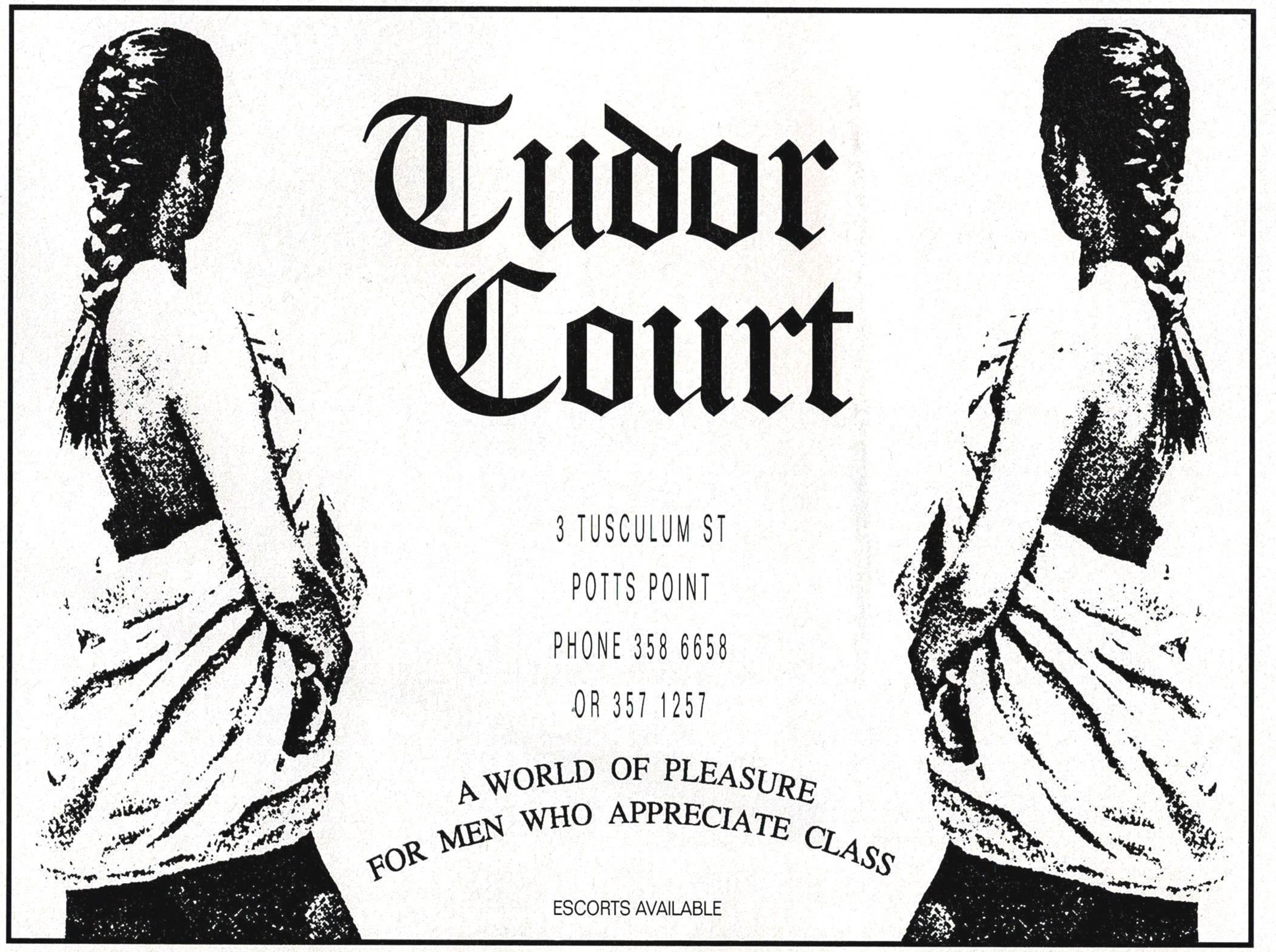
We worked in the radiology department of the local hospital and as we didn't consider it to be "professional" to be sleeping with your colleague, we kept our relationship under wraps.

The darkroom provided the perfect haven for a quick frisk or grope but when he asked me to come into the darkroom to "look at something" I didn't even consider it to mean anything more.

As I entered he locked the door behind me. "What do you think of this?" he asked placing my hand on his rapidly swelling groin. Just a hint of a rock-hard cock was enough to get my juices flowing. "What do you want me to do to fix it?" I inquired. "I'm sure you will figure that out," he replied hoisting me onto the work bench.

Even in the dim red glow, his quick fingers made light work of my skirt and he soon had my G-string aside and two fingers deep inside my wet pussy. I groaned as his thumb went to work on my engorged clit. In the meanwhile I had unzipped his fly and unbuttoned his sexy boxers to free his rigid eight-inch member and to fondle his balls. I absolutely love his balls — they're just the right size and so silky smooth.

As he fingerfucked me to the verge of orgasm, I worked on his cock and balls. Droplets of pre-come oozed from his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prick. As I reached the point of no return, he kissed me in an attempt to stifle my cries of joy.

Not satisfied until I had his cock inside me, I slid to the edge of the bench and rubbed his cock head against my now dripping pussy. As he entered me he groaned and said how tight and wet I was. I locked my legs around his waist and pulled him closer, impaling myself on his huge dick. As he gently thrust his prick into the depths of my cunt, I felt angry with myself for not saying something all those years ago. His prick felt so at home in my hole.

As he fucked me, I felt so wanton and naughty that it wasn't long before I was again writhing in ecstasy. I pleaded with him to come in me but he muttered something about the mess we would leave. Not content until he was, I slid to the floor and slurped and sucked on his cock and balls already liberally coated with my own come. His hands caressed my hair as he thrust his penis in and out of my willing mouth.

As his balls began to spasm the reception desk buzzer rang indicating there was a patient to see. This just heightened our pleasure as he shot his load of salty come into my mouth. I greedily swallowed it all and sucked the remainder out of his now gently deflating cock.

"I really needed that. Thanks," he said as we readjusted our clothing and went about our business. With my assignment over we are no longer together but I only need enter crimson confines and shut my eyes to relive every second of that fabulous encounter. — *Name and address withheld*

Shoplifting

I have always been attracted to women, and last week my desire to hold some mango-shaped lovelies with stiff nipples while nuzzling a soft, hot bush got the better of me.

I got up and dressed in a short, tight mini dress — with nothing on underneath. Then I went shopping with a mission. There is a lingerie store at the mall that all of the local guys just love. All the saleswomen are model quality. Once there, I found my victim quite easily — a pretty blonde with big blue eyes and an ample chest. I stared at her for a few minutes, and she stared right back at me and smiled. My fingers stimulated my barely concealed box. She motioned for me to go to the fitting room, and I complied. When she joined me there, our lips delicately connected, relishing the newfound pleasures. She slowly undressed me, and then disrobed herself. Her blonde hair hung over her face as she cupped my Georgia peaches. Her mouth headed for my throbbing clit. I sat on a chair and let her suck me dry. The smells in the little room were heavenly — sweet, musky come and perfume. I kissed and licked her lovely, clean-shaven pussy, which turned me on as much as it did her.

A security guard opened the door long enough to show us his naked billy club — firm, purple, and very appealing. We motioned for him to join in, and while he fucked the clerk, I masturbated and rubbed her titties.

After he blew his wad, he rubbed his penis against my breasts. I grabbed it urgently and sucked it back to life. The clerk had her sweet mouth back in the folds of my pussy as I was holding my boobs, moaning in ecstasy. Later that day I left the store in a much happier mood, with the taste of pussy in my mouth and on my tongue. Experiences like this make life worthwhile. — *Name and address withheld*

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BLACK LABEL
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forum

Wet season

It was a rainy January day in Darwin when the boss rang early and said not to worry about work. So I was sitting back having a cup of tea and reading the paper. I am a 30-year-old bricklayer, I'm tall and have what I call a fairly lean and muscular body.

Just recently a truck driver by the name of Alex and his wife Lorraine moved in across the road and seemed to fit in well with the neighbours.

He was always interstate which must have left his lady a bit lonely. I got on well with them and a couple of times we had beers and a few joints in my garden.

I was thinking of these and other things when I was jolted by a knock at the door. Since it was open, I invited whoever it was outside to come inside.

It was Lorraine. She said she was broke and asked if I could spare 50 dollars until Alex got back from New South Wales. I said that I would be delighted to help her and offered her a cuppa. We sat and talked while we sipped our tea.

She asked if I had a girlfriend and I replied that I had just broken off a relationship and was enjoying being single again. She was wearing cut-off jeans and a lacy white top without a bra, sensible dress in the tropics. I couldn't help but notice that she was tanned and in very nice shape.

I was getting hard sitting there as she explained how lonely she became when Alex was away. One thing led to another and she said that instead of paying back the 50 dollars I gave her, we could work something out.

I said I was fairly flexible and asked what she had in mind. She reached under the table, grabbed my stalk through my shorts and smiled when she felt how hard I was.

I almost blew my load there and then. She ran her hand under my shorts, reached over and put my hand under hers and guided me between her legs.

She was already wet when I found her lovely fanny. We played with each other under the table as we stared into each other's eyes and talked.

That was it. I stood up with my cock standing straight up out of my shorts. Her nipples were sticking out through her thin top, so I kneeled where she sat and started to suck her lovely tits as I undressed her. I saw what a hot body she had. I especially liked her fanny which was trimmed to perfection.

I spread her legs and drove my tongue deep into her. It tasted beautiful. I then started on her clit and she was really bucking and moaning. She said she wanted to suck my cock and I agreed immediately. I picked her up and carried her to the bedroom.

As I carried her, she drove her tongue into my mouth and wanked me off. As soon as we hit the bed she was sucking madly at my cock. I quickly swung around into a 69 position and went to town on her.

We were sucking and licking each other furiously and it felt like my cock was going to explode. At that moment I felt her slide a finger into my arse. We were in a fucking frenzy so I did the same to her.

She was really hot. As we kept going faster and faster I knew I couldn't last much longer. I lifted my face from her beautiful crotch but she kept on sucking and fingering me.

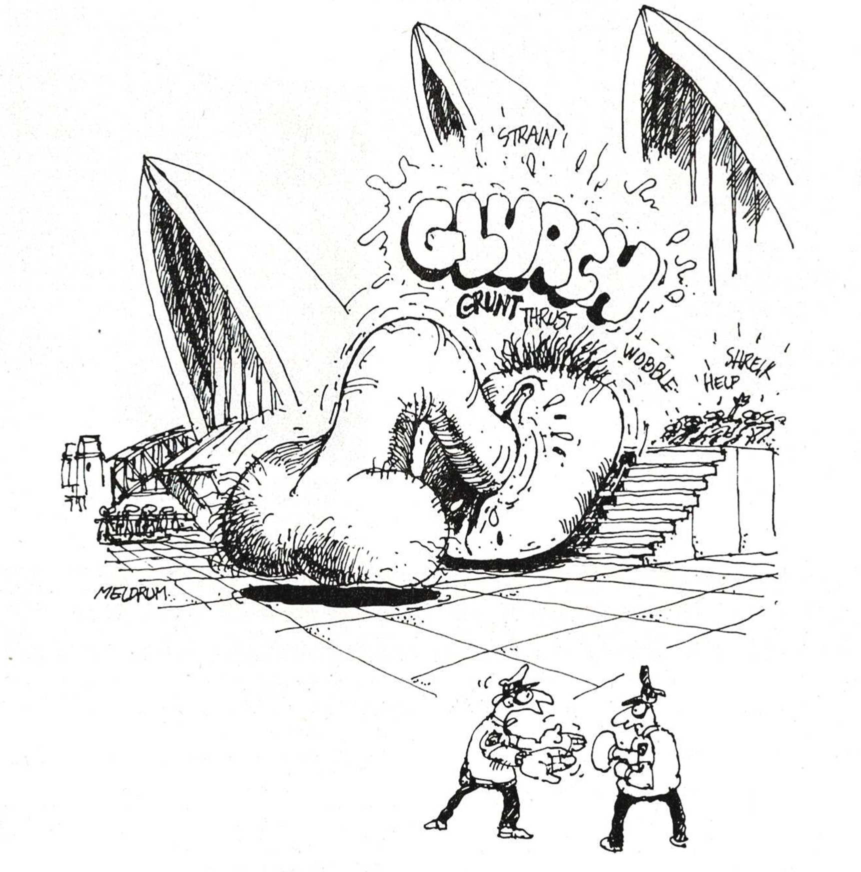
I virtually had to prise her off my cock before I shot my load down her throat, but that was what she wanted. I then told her to turn around on her hands and knees. I placed the head of my cock at her entrance and rubbed it up and down her slit.

As it neared her hole she pushed back trying to impale herself on me but I was too quick. I was in control now. I teased her a bit longer and when I thought the time was right I jammed my stalk home.

She moaned loudly and we got straight into a good rhythm. I was driving her hard now and was going to blow, so I went at it like a madman.

I shoved my finger up her arse and that sent her over the top. She came just before me, she slid off my cock and quickly turned around and swallowed my thick, slick cock in her mouth.

Well, that was it. I blew so much it was coming out the sides of her mouth, but she didn't stop until it was all gone and I was drained. We fell back on the bed together holding each other and laughing. That was the beginning of a wet, wet season. — *Name and address withheld*



"OK Merve... get everyone back NOW...
...I've got a feeling this is all coming to some kind of climax!"

Wired

My boyfriend Jeff and I live 800 kilometres apart, and although we get together as often as we can, there's still considerable time between visits, during which we get very horny. We usually tell each other when we've masturbated.

One Monday night when Jeff called

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AU07 SEA OF LUST & MISTAKEN IDENTITY

They're looking for the girl of the year, but when Brandy gets confused with Mandy, nobody knows who's up who!

A sensational story of mystery and intrigue starring Mia Powers in her first adult film role.

AU08 BAD GIRLS 4 & CHEEKS 2 - THE BITTER END

What were you doing in '62? Meet the gang at the Bitter End coffee House. They lived like the French. Loved like the Greeks.

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AU10 WHITE MEN CAN HUMP & CHARISMA CORRUPTION

The repeating themes in the dark, steamy world of Bruce Seven erotica. All making their appearance in Corruption, in which Bruce, the master of murkiness chose Charisma, adult's nastiest superstar to fulfil all of his wildest, seamiest fantasies.

He can dribble, he can dunk, and soon everybody gets to s...core.

AU11 YOUNG BUNS 2 & SUNNY AFTER DARK

Beautiful Australian sex star, Sunny McKay and a host of American sex queens show off their talents and charms, before dark . . . after dark and at all times in between.

East is east but west is wild and hot: no wonder with desperadoes like Dirty Alice (Springs), Sweet Stacy (Bell) and Talia The Kid (James) on the loose and looking for loaded guns!

AU12 IN THE BLACK & ENGINE #69

They'll hose down your fire. Starring Charlie Stone, Roberto Arias, Joe Bentley.

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AU13 THE BEST STALLIONS & FLEXX

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BLACK LABEL EDITION forum

and asked me if I was in bed. When I replied that I wasn't, he said that he was and told me to get naked and crawl between the sheets.

Although I was puzzled, I was also very intrigued. So I peeled off my old faded jeans and my skimpy top and crawled in between the cool sheets. Jeff asked me if I was wet. I slipped a finger inside myself and brought it to the phone.

"Yes I'm wet," I said. When I told Jeff I had just put a finger inside myself I heard him moan.

He told me to put my finger in again and then taste myself and tell him what it was like. I did as he instructed then described my own taste. I could here Jeff's breathing hasten and become irregular.

Jeff told me to imagine that he was there with me, squeezing my tits and sucking my long, hard nipples.

Lying there listening to him, my nipples immediately became erect and began aching for his touch. Before I knew it, my free hand was massaging my breasts and rubbing my nipples between my thumb and finger. It felt so good.

Then he told me to imagine that his tongue was working its way down my stomach to my navel and then on to my dark, clipped bush, stopping just long enough to give my swollen clit a flick of the tongue before he was off to lightly suck and nip the insides of my thighs.

By then I was totally caught up in what he was saying, my pussy was soaked, my clit was throbbing, and my hand was following Jeff's instructions as closely as possible.

Next Jeff said to imagine that he was now working his masterful tongue back up the inside of my thigh to the sensitive skin between my thigh and my box. My hand was right there, stroking in place of his tongue.

Then he said his tongue was thrusting into my cunt, lapping up my sweet nectar and working its way up my swollen lips to my clit.

He said I should imagine that his hot, probing tongue was wrapping around my clit and pulling it gently between his lips. At that point my fingers were trailing up my soaking pussy and, finding my clit, all I had to do was gently rub it to have one of the most glorious orgasms ever. All the while I could hear Jeff softly saying, "Come, baby. Come."

He said that was just the beginning and I should remember one afternoon when we were out fishing — I was on my hands and knees and he rammed his great cock into my snatch up to the hilt, filling me up while he leaned over and squeezed my aching tits.

Remembering this from our last time together and recalling the feel of his come shooting into my cunt, my pussy was overflowing with nectar.

My hand stroked up to my clit and before I knew it I was having another mind-blowing orgasm. I was so ecstatic by this long-distance method of making love that as soon as I caught my breath, I told him to lay back and think of me sitting on top of him with his magnificent shaft nestled between my hot, juicy nether lips.

I told him to imagine me sliding down, kissing his wonderful body with his wet glistening rod sliding up my stomach to my tits. I rub it across my erect nipples.

Then I told him to imagine me going down a little farther so that his beautiful cock is waiting, poised just below my breathless, parted lips.

I told him to imagine me swirling my tongue around the head and dipping it into his hole for that first savoury taste of his come. Then I am opening my mouth wider to let his whole magnificent rod slide into the back of my throat as far as it can go.

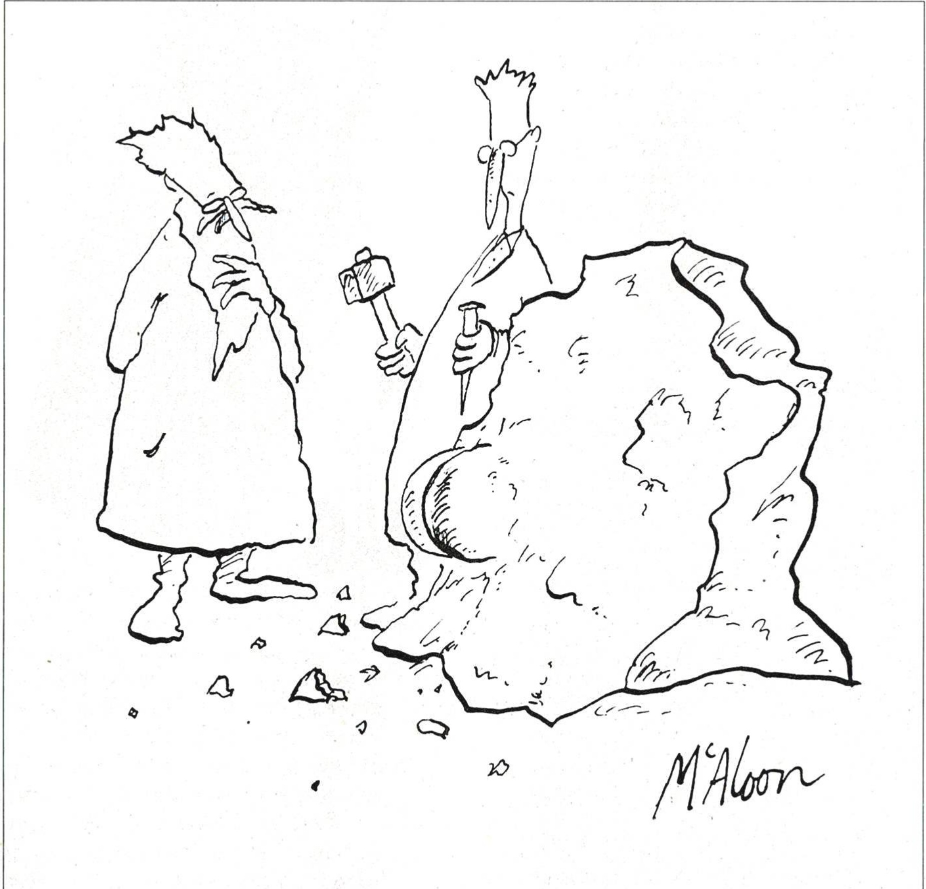
Then I close my mouth tighter and let his pole slide out while sucking on it until I am at the tip again.

"Imagine," I said, "that I have a hold of it with both hands and I'm working my tongue down the shaft to your balls, which I take into my mouth, roll them around and tongue them one after the other."

At this point, I realised that my boyfriend was as excited as I had once again become. My hand crept down to give what aid it could. I told Jeff to imagine that I was again running my tongue up the rock-hard shaft of his cock and taking the head gently between my teeth and nibbling it.

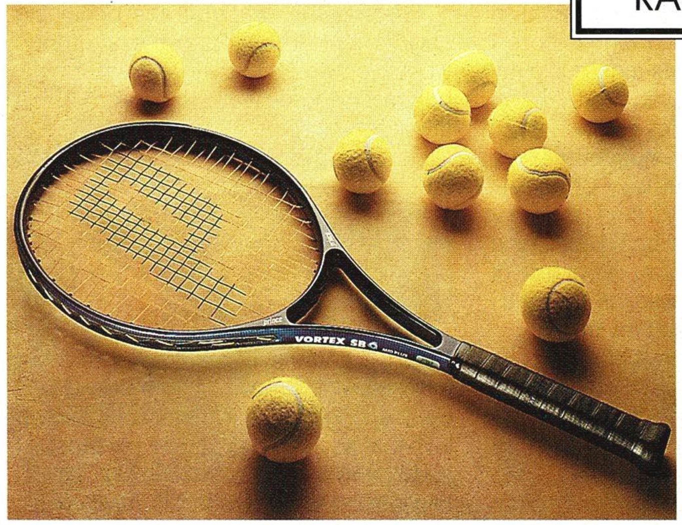
I could hear the moan that always told me that he was just about to come, and so I told him to think of me sliding his magnificent member as far into my mouth as I could while he shot his load into my eagerly swallowing throat.

As I was saying this, I heard him moan that he was coming and my hand was at my clit bringing me to another screaming orgasm. While it will never replace our being together, the telephone has definitely become the next best thing to being there. — *Name and address withheld*



"Well, I suppose I did tell you to start at the bottom..."

QUIT THAT RACQUET



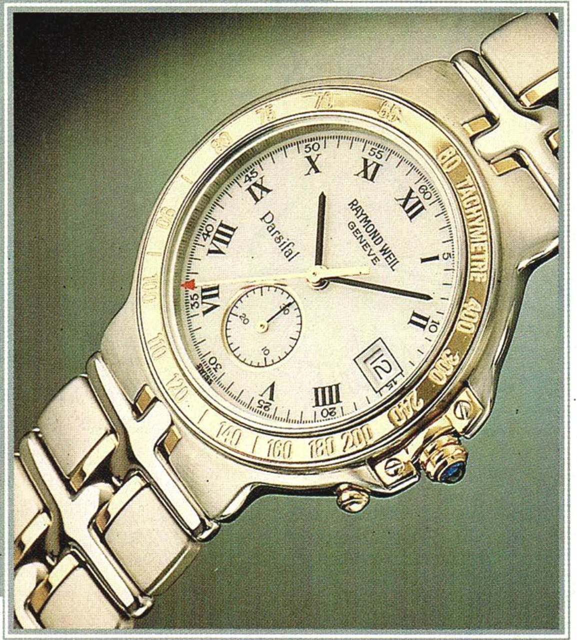
From the makers of the finest tennis racquets in the world comes the Prince Vortex SB. This revolutionary racquet provides the player with all the power of widebody design, but also has the traditional flex that supplies unheard of touch and control. The frame is made of viscoelastic polymer which creates a property known as dynamic stiffness. In other words, when you swing hard the frame stiffens, creating ample power. Swing softly and the frame flexes to deliver the softest of touches. Featuring a staggered string pattern, the Vortex SB is available for $460 from most major sports outlets.

PEN ULTIMATE

In the age of the microchip and computer technology, the finely crafted fountain pen retains an unmistakable elegance and refinement. None more so than the 14-carat gold fountain pen from Cross. Cross has a legacy of fine craftsmanship going back to 1846 and tests each of its fountain pens to ensure flawless functioning. This pen, which represents the highest expression of Cross craftsmanship and beauty, will conform to every nuance of your writing style. It's yours for $395.

WATCH YOURSELF

From internationally acclaimed Swiss watchmaker Raymond Weil comes the superb steel and 18-carat gold Parisfal chronograph watch. This stylish timepiece is as durable as it is classic. It features quartz movement, a white Roman 1/4 dial protected by scratch-resistant sapphire glass and is water-resistant to 30 metres. The Parsifal is valued at $2679 and is available from Raymond Weil Australia (02) 371 4477.



IN THE BAG

Although the martial arts date back centuries, martial arts equipment is very much up-to-date with modern technology. The Warrior Waterbag punching bag is no exception. Unlike many other bags the Warrior is not filled with the hard stuffing that causes injuries, fractures and strains during training. Rather, it is filled with a waterbag that serves to cushion any impact on flying fists and feet. Made from a unique material that resists tears and cracks, the Warrior Waterbag is available for $225 from Martial Arts World on (02) 816-3777.

DRILL SERGEANT

Black and Decker is a name synonymous with quality, endurable power tools. The BD154RK Hammer Drill kit is no exception. This model is the top of the line 13mm Variable Speed Reversing Drill with Hammer Action. Suitable for drilling, driving or masonry work, it is one of the most versatile corded drills available. It has a two-year warranty and comes in a kit box with a nine-piece bonus drill set. It is available from most hardware stores for around $149.

VISIONARY

Everyone who's ever pulled on a helmet and hit the highway on a thundering bike knows how much muck accumulates on a helmet visor during a run. Wee Willy, the world's first complete compact visor cleaning system, is designed to combat this problem in a complete, compact package.

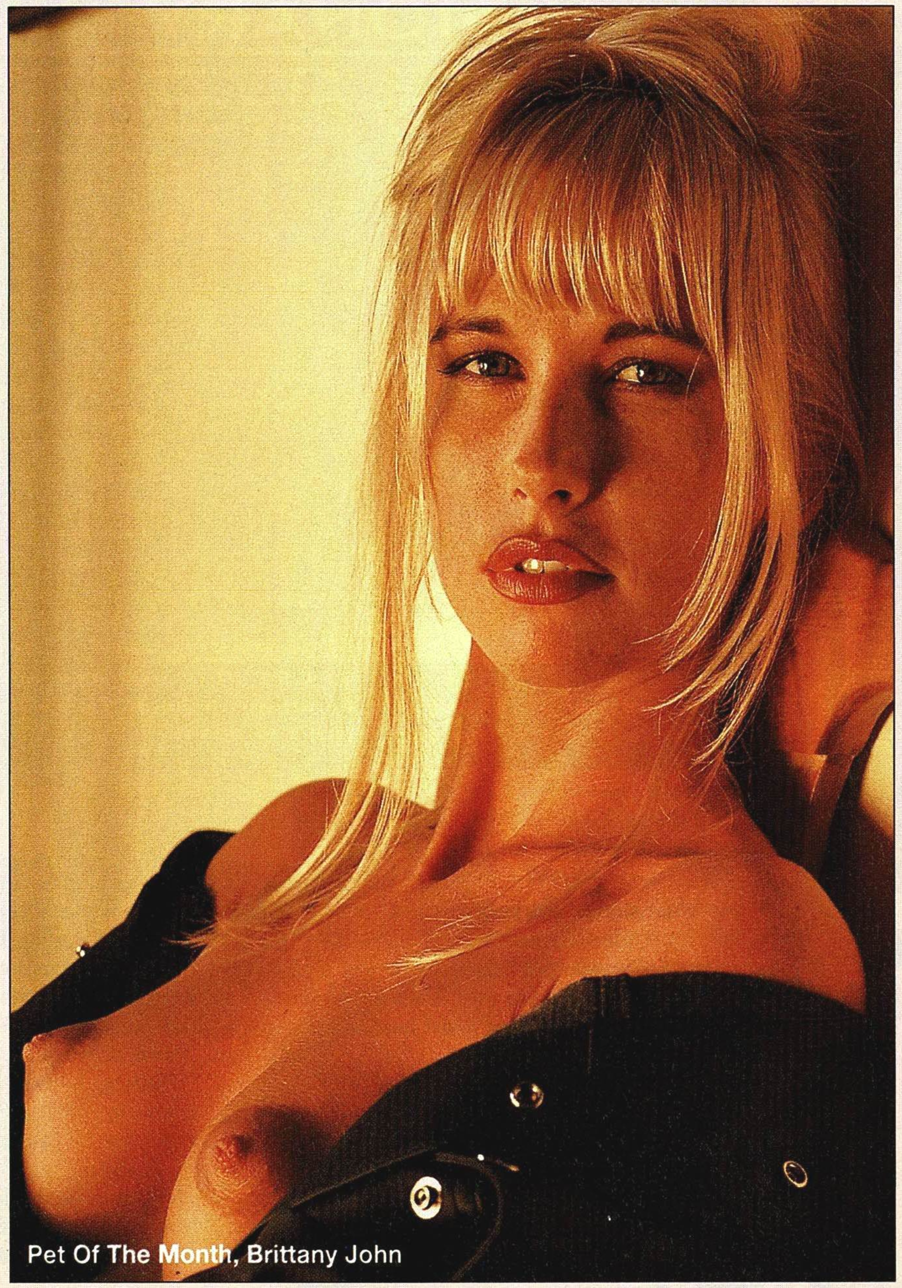
It stands out as being an extremely effective but simple way to remove dead bugs and road grime from visors, leaving them clean and unscratched. Comprised of a detergent bottle, a sponge, rubber squeegee blade and cloth, Wee Willy is small enough to fit into the pocket of your leathers or under a bike seat and is available for $14.95 plus postage and handling through Verira on (02) 349-3034.

APOGEE ACCEPTED

Convenience and ruggedness are stylishly combined in the Apogee from Ultimate Direction's Torsopac range. The Apogee allows you to set your own limits of style and performance without compromising function. It comes with two flasks in holsters on the inside for carrying water and features panel loading and mesh pockets which offer rapid access to your cargo. Thanks to horizontal compression straps, the Apogee can be cinched down snugly for a stable, bounce-free ride. Contact Paddy Pallins for details.

EYE GET NO KICK

The Alien shield is the latest look from Bolle and is poised to invade Australia's snowfields this winter. Radical styling combined with unusual colours give the Alien shield a unique, distinctive look. The Alien's shatterproof polycarbonate wrap-around provides total protection from ultraviolet rays and ensures wind dispersion and excellent peripheral vision. With annual research of more than $2.5 million, Bolle maintains its leading edge in creating innovative, functional and attractive product. Valued at $179, the Alien shield is no exception.



Pet Of The Month, Brittany John

INSIDE AUGUST AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Peter Garrett — All *Penthouse*, Australia's most identifiable male magazine, wanted to do was talk to Garrett, perhaps Australia's most identifiable man. In the next month's *Australian Penthouse*, find out why the funky skinhead, fundamentalist Christian, activist-at-large and Midnight Oil vocalist won't talk to us.

Kalgoorlie Nights — In the August issue of *Australian Penthouse*, read why Saturday night is Kalgoorlie's chance to prove it isn't the wanker capital of the world. With bars, brothels, beer and the chance of stumbling across gold nuggets, this gold town keeps drawing in the drifters and the chancers who, according to the old-timers, simply party and brawl.

The Cafe Racer — It's as tasty and stimulating as good espresso coffee, as sexy as a tight, short red skirt, and as bold a motorbike as you're going to find anywhere. It's the new 750 SS Cafe Racer from Ducati. Check out its sleek lines in next month's *Australian Penthouse.*

Pet Of The Month — At 20, Brittany John is poised to become an international supermodel. Already on the books of one of the world's most prestigious agencies, Brittany's striking body and exquisite face have provoked delighted reactions from all across the globe. In next month's *Australian Penthouse*, you'll see why beautiful Brittany John's star is set to rise.

Continued from page 19

too enthusiastic on the accelerator. Likewise, in slippery or icy conditions where the throttle is being used judiciously, the lowest mode will be employed as the higher gears will help give better traction.

Back in the suburban snarl, if the motorist accelerates occasionally through the traffic, the transmission is likely to switch over to the slightly less economical second phase of the shifting program, SP2. A trend of sudden spurts from a driver using plenty of throttle will kick the transmission into the more sporty SP3 and SP4 shifting programs.

And if the driver is a real leadfoot who engages in prolonged hard driving, the cerebral and sensible Audi gearbox will automatically drop into the ultimate sports mode, SP5.

Dynamic Shift Program is not quite exclusive to Audi. Its near neighbour and sometime partner, Porsche, also uses a multiple mode shifting program for all conditions and drivers. This is the Tiptronic system on the 911. The advantage of the Audi version is its ability to sense the vehicle resistance. So it can detect if the car is travelling up or down an incline, or if it is towing.

The myriad of variables monitored by the computerised control system include the engine load, road speed, engine speed and even the rate of throttle movement. These different influences pass through filters to remove any spurious or aberrant effects and then they are fed to a set of operating algorithms that decide which shift program to select.

Only those with a degree in engineering can fully appreciate the marvel that is the modern transmission. But no-one needs to be a boffin to recognise the savings in fuel and to feel the greater efficiency of a system like Audi's DPS.

One of its advantages is that in hilly regions it doesn't spend all its time constantly shifting up and down. It quickly finds the appropriate mode and stays with it.

It also works brilliantly in concert with the Audi 100 quattro's constant four-wheel drive, which has traditionally been more effective when used with a manual gearbox. The tangible benefits come with longer periods between trips to the bowser. In government petrol consumption test cycles, Audi say DPS gives a five-percent fuel saving compared to conventional automatics. The improvement is greater in the real world. Audi says the true measure of DPS's effectiveness is that the owner is never aware of its presence. It just happens. — *Peter McKay*

SUZUKI
THE PERFORMING ARTS

Intruder 1400

The Intruder 1400 is the pinnacle of quality engineering in a bold, functional and classic form. A shining example of the Performing Arts of Suzuki. Performance in the form of a 82 cubic inch V-twin, 3 valve power-plant tuned to deliver not only sheer grunt, but also massive torque at any speed in any gear, with a deep rumble that speaks volumes about its inherent power. Art in the form of the gleaming chrome appeal, the genuine sewn saddle and the 36 degree raked fork that leans powerfully into the long, flowing lines of the Intruder's uncluttered simplicity. The Intruder 1400, one of the Performing Arts of Suzuki.

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